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WHEN FOUND—

Broadcast in England is sown the sentiment that these two people are essentially one, and that it rests with them jointly to uphold the great Anglo-Saxon race and all its great achievements before the world . . . And if I know anything of my countrymen—and they give me credit for knowing something—if I know anything of my countrymen, gentlemen, the English heart is stirred by the flutter of the Stars and Stripes as it is stirred by no other flag that flies, except its own . . . these two great nations, each of which has, in its own way and hour, striven so hard and so successfully for Freedom.—Dickens's Farewell Speech, New York, 18th April, 1868.

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Admiral Dickens. The loss of H.M.S. *Repulse* recalls that before his retirement Admiral Sir Gerald Dickens, grandson of the novelist, was in command of this ship, a fact to which he feelingly referred in a broadcast a few days later. Dickens's fifth son, Sydney, nicknamed "Ocean Spectre," was in the Navy and died at sea, aged 25.

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The Name of Guppy. Mr. Bernard Darwin has written regarding my "speculations on the source of Mr. Guppy's name." He thinks it comes from the churchyard at Chalk, where he once discovered—and duly recorded in "A Dickens Pilgrimage" (1914)—on three neighbouring tombstones Guppy, Twist, and Flight (*sic*). "I think that other things being equal," writes Mr. Darwin, "Chalk ought to have the benefit of any doubt over Sherborne." And I think we all agree with him.

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The Pickwick Front. The great rarity of the early parts of *Pickwick* was never better exemplified than in a recent catalogue of a Leicester bookseller; for the sum of one hundred pounds he offers "the front cover to part one of *Pickwick*, in first state, having the words 'with Four Illustrations by Seymour,' 1836; the wrapper is in very fine state."

It came from the library of the first Earl Balfour, and was preserved in an album (one of a series of nineteen) containing specimens of wrappers of periodical works of the nineteenth century.

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Waste Paper. Over and over again are we reminded of that truism of Jules Verne, "You have everything in Dickens." "Lucio," in the "Manchester Guardian," is another journalist who knows his Dickens and makes good use of it. "Dickens does not seem to have been quoted so far in connection with waste-paper

collection, but the subject was one that did not escape his observation and comment," he writes. He then goes on to quote from *Our Mutual Friend*—the great salvage novel, we might call it these days—where Dickens refers to "That mysterious paper currency which circulates in London when the wind blows, gyrated here and there and everywhere. Whence does it come and whither does it go? It hangs on every bush, flutters in every tree, is caught flying by the electric wires, haunts every enclosure, drinks at every pump, cowers at every grating, shudders upon every plot of grass, seeks rest in vain behind the legions of railings."

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The Dedication of "Dombey." It has been generally assumed that the Marchioness of Normanby, to whom *Dombey and Son* was dedicated, was the wife of Lord Mulgrave, whom Dickens met on the voyage out on s.s. *Britannia*. Recent correspondence with the present Marchioness arising out of the Montreal mysteries propounded by Mr. Andrew Paterson, reveals that Lord Mulgrave did not succeed to his father's title until long after the novel was written. The dedication, therefore, was to his mother, whom Dickens had met on many occasions before the Marquis went to Paris as Ambassador. The greater part of *Dombey* was written in Paris. The present Marquis is a prisoner of war in Germany.

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The "New Statesman" Again. I do not know what is the literary policy of the "New Statesman and Nation," or if indeed it has one. In its issue of the 10th January it deplores the great lack of well-known classics in the bookshops. "Instead on the shelves of World's Classics and Everyman I saw classics of the most minor kind, forgotten works of Dickens and Charles Kingsley . . ." This reads very strangely, coming from the paper which only a few months before reviewed *Our Mutual Friend* under "Current Literature." And does not the writer know that there are more titles under the name Dickens in the "World's Classics" and "Everyman" than that of any other author?

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Saint Ghastly Grim. The Church of St. Olave's, Hart Street, on the beat of the Uncommercial Traveller, never witnessed anything more ghastly than the attack made on the district by the Hun in May last—when, by the way, a number of Dickensian blocks temporarily deposited in the editor's business premises near by were also destroyed. The Church is now but a shell, but the "ferocious strong spiked iron gate . . . ornamented with skulls and cross-bones, larger than life, wrought in stone" forming the entrance to "one of my best-beloved churchyards" still rears its interesting, if hideous, form over the roadway. Due to the efforts of the Rector, Prebendary Wellard, these spikes have been saved from the salvage collectors, on account of their Dickens association. London members are already deeply indebted to the Rector for many kind services, and note yet another, with grateful hearts.

The Berg Memorial. New York Public Library now possesses one of the finest Dickens collections in the world. The brothers Albert and Henry Berg, both doctors, had a fine library. On the death of Dr. Henry his brother presented it to the New York Public Library, where space was set aside for its reception. Recently Dr. Albert Berg purchased the library of the late W. T. H. Howe—a most ardent collector of rare Dickensiana—and to this was added the famous Owen D. Young collection as a joint donation of Mr. Young and Dr. Berg, the whole to be known as the Berg Memorial. A catalogue is in the making we are informed.

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A Stitch in Time. Economy, I suppose, prompted Raphael Tuck & Sons to re-issue this year a Dickens Calendar with one of Ludovici's fine coaching scenes from *Pickwick*, but bearing 365 separate quotations from the writings of Wilhelmina Stitch ! Is Dickens so out of date, or has the Tuck fount of Dickens quotations run dry ? Surely not !

Spurious Dickens greetings, to which I referred last year, again adorned several cards this Christmas. "Merry Christmas, Sir, and Happy New Year, and many of 'em," ran one ; another, with a photograph of the shop in Portsmouth Street, read, "May Christmas never fail to bring you joy." Where in Dickens did this appear ?

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What Next ? We are accustomed to see almost daily references to Dickens in the general run of newspapers, but hardly look for the Dickens touch in staid, mundane publications devoted solely to finance. In the principal report on the Stock Exchange in the "Financial News" of the 13th January last, after dull talk of "easier tendency" and "fixed interest index," we come across this ray of light : "Even Mark Tapley could hardly be cheerful about primary producing companies in the Far Eastern war area just now." Journalism is indeed looking up.

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Hale and Hearty. We were pleased to hear the other day from the Hon. Secretary of the Pickwick Bicycle Club—the oldest bicycle club in the world, and the first, too, we believe. It was founded the year Dickens died ; we last had the pleasure of meeting its members at the Pickwick Centenary Dinner in 1936. Twenty-eight years hence they will be celebrating their own centenary, and may many of our readers be in their company on that occasion.

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The Proper Spirit. How *The Dickensian* helps the membership of a branch is shown by a letter received from the Hon. Secretary of the Edmonton (Alberta) Branch, in which he writes : "I wish to acknowledge receipt of the double quantity of the Autumn *Dickensian* as per my order. This season we are insisting that everyone joining shall pay the dollar membership fee and also 80 cents to cover the cost of the magazine for the year. All seem pleased with the idea and are stepping right up. I confidently expect an increase in membership this year."

WALTER DEXTER.

THE AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN MONTREAL

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISMS OF DICKENS'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCES AS AN ACTOR

[For these extracts I am greatly indebted to Dr. James F. Kenney, of the Public Archives of Canada, Ottawa, and to Mr. Arthur G. Penny, Editor-in-Chief of the Quebec "Chronicle-Telegraph." See also further article on page 85.—Andrew Paterson.]

(1) From "The Montreal Herald," Friday, May 27th, 1842.

ON Wednesday evening there was an exhibition of private theatricals in the Theatre Royal under the superintendence of the following committee of ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. Torrens, Mrs. Perry, W. C. Ermantinger, Captain Torrens, the Earl of Mulgrave. Stage Manager: Charles Dickens.

About 400 cards of invitation were issued to ladies and gentlemen in the city and vicinity, of which the following is a copy:

"The Committee request the pleasure of.....'s company at the Queen's Theatre, Montreal, on Wednesday evening, the 25 of May at half-past seven o'clock precisely. It is to be expressly understood that this is a card of invitation, and not a ticket of admission and is, therefore, not transferable. To ensure a strict observance of this understanding, it will be required to be presented at the door."

Soon after the doors were opened, the boxes and pit were well filled with the beauty and fashion of the city and the gay uniform of the officers of the different regiments in the garrison, interspersed with the costly dresses and the jewelled brows of the ladies fayre, presented a beautiful scene.

The entrance of His Excellency Sir Charles Bagot and wife into the governor's box was the signal for the orchestra to play the national anthem, during which the audience stood. His Excellency was dressed in a plain blue coat with a star on the left breast. In the box next to him were His Excellency Sir R. D. Jackson and suite.

The first play on the bill of fare was "A Roland for an Oliver" in which the following were the *dramatis personæ* . . . *

To say that this play was well acted would be to bestow but small praise to the performers, who were all *au fait* in their respective characters and elicited thunders of applause and roars of laughter from all parts of the house. Where all conducted themselves to such admiration, it may appear invidious to make selections, but we cannot refrain from noticing the ease and perfect naivete of one young lady who looked as if she had been accustomed to lead the stage. Mr. Dickens and Mr. Methuen appeared also to be no strangers to the boards.

The laughable interlude of "Past 2 o'clock in the Morning" followed, which was sustained by the following characters . . . *

This was the performance of the evening and was most admirably acted. Mr. Dickens so disguised his person and voice that some time had elapsed after the play had begun before he was recognised.

The closing piece in the programme was the farce, in one act, entitled

* The names are the same as on play-bill and need no repetition. But it should be noted that the names are not given of the ladies sustaining the female characters.

"Deaf as a Post," which was not so well acted as its predecessors. The following were the *dramatis personæ* . . . *

During the intervals between the plays the refreshment rooms off the upper box were filled with guests, who had their choice of everything suitable for the occasion, such as tea, coffee, cake, lemonade, ices, etc., etc.

This is the first exhibition which has been got up in the city and from the success which attended it we trust soon to have another. The inimitable "Boz," as a matter of course, was "the star of the goodlie companie" and many were eager to get a peep at the literary lion of the day in a character in which comparatively few can have the opportunity of seeing him. All may read his works and receive enjoyment from their perusal, but it is not allotted to many to hear his own humour from his own lips and see him personify individuals resembling his original characters.

After the performances closed, a select number of the select sat down to an elegant supper, which was served up on the stage.

The band of the 23rd Fusiliers formed the orchestra and the music was excellent, but too loud.

His Excellency the Governor General warmly applauded the performers repeatedly.

(2) From "The Montreal Gazette," Monday, May 30th, 1842.

On Saturday evening last, the Garrison Amateurs, assisted by Mr. Charles Dickens, performed before a crowded and fashionable audience in the Theatre Royal, the favourite petite comedy of "A Roland for an Oliver," the amusing interlude of "Past Two O'clock in the Morning," and "High Life Below Stairs." The whole of these pieces were admirably performed, as was sufficiently evident by the vehement applause that burst repeatedly from the audience. We have, seldom indeed, seen these pieces performed to greater advantage. Where all was so good, it is difficult, without making distinctions apparently invidious, to particularise any of the parties engaged, nevertheless we cannot refrain from noticing the admirable way in which the Honourable Mr. Methuen "discharged," as Bottom the weaver has it, the part of the burly, hearty old English Baronet, Sir Mark Chase. There was little of mere acting in the work—the actor apparently having thoroughly identified himself with the character, and being acquainted with the genus to which it belongs. Nevertheless should Mr. Methuen again undertake it, we would recommend him to dress a trifle better—the fine old English gentleman should not be made to look as if he had rigged himself out at Rag Fair, at the sale of his defunct gamekeeper's wardrobe. Mr. Dickens's Highflyer was a spirited performance, and, in many of the outré situations of the character, he elicited much applause. Captain Willoughby, as Fixture, and the Earl of Mulgrave as Mr. Selburne, were all that could be desired in their respective parts. The lady performers were of Mr. Latham's company. Mrs. Penson, who represented the gay and graceful Maria Darlington, made a very favourable impression on the audience, which, we think, will be improved on further acquaintance.

The gem of the evening was "Past Two O'clock in the Morning." This is an adaptation from the French—one of the most mirth-provoking things ever written; and well did Mr. Dickens and Captain Granville

* See note previous page.

use their materials ; we are sure that there was not a dry eye in the house during the whole representation—from excessive laughter, however. The helpless, hypochondriacal Cockney, fond of his little creature comforts, methodical as a Quaker, and regular as the Horse Guards lick, who is disturbed in his night's rest, and put to all kinds of shifts and inconveniences by the boisterous inroad of the Tom-and-Jerry sort of a stranger, who instals himself, *bongré, malgré*, in his quarters, was performed to the life by Mr. Dickens. His style is a sort of mixture of the late Charles Mathews and Mr. Buckstone's, and would do no discredit to either of those eminent performers. Captain Granville's Stranger was exactly what was wanted—a forcible contrast, in its turbulent, fiery, and destructive character, to the quiet, placid, and conservative lodger on the second floor front. The two pieces we have named, had been represented on Wednesday evening to a large private party, by the same amateurs, with the assistance of several ladies, with much success ; but on the last occasion, after we had reconciled ourselves to the absence of the latter, we thought that we observed a manifest improvement, in consequence of the gentlemen being better acquainted both with the stage and their parts.

The farce of "High Life Below Stairs" wound up the evening's entertainments, and was well performed throughout. We would particularly notice Dr. Griffin's Lord Duke, Captain Willoughby's Sir Harry, and Mr. Dickens's Philip. Mrs. Penson, as Kitty, was a principal support of the piece, and mainly contributed to its success.

NOTES ON SOME MONTREAL PERSONALITIES

SIR CHARLES BAGOT, Bart., was Governor General of British North America. He was the second son of the first Baron Bagot, and was born in 1781. He was early associated with North America, and in 1818 was British Minister at Washington. He won undying fame with the celebrated Rush-Bagot Treaty, which limited armaments on the Great Lakes, and eventually made possible the famous unguarded border line of 3,000 miles between Canada and the United States. He was appointed Governor General in 1841, but did not assume office until January 1842, a few months before the arrival of Dickens. His health was poor during his term, and he died in 1843.

SIR RICHARD DOWNES JACKSON was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America. Born in 1777, he was a veteran of the Peninsular War, and was appointed to his Canadian post in 1839. He died suddenly in Montreal in 1845.

THE EARL OF MULGRAVE, whom Dickens met on the s.s. *Britannia*, was a Lieutenant in the Scots Fusilier Guards. In June 1840 he was appointed Aide-de-camp to Lieut.-General Sir Richard Downes Jackson. He remained on the Staff until he sold his commission in September 1843. He succeeded his father as second Marquis of Normanby in 1863.

W. C. ERMATINGER seems to have been the only civilian on the committee which arranged the amateur theatricals. He had official associations, however, for his father was a former Sheriff and Postmaster of Montreal. He later became prominent in the official life of Montreal. Miss Ermatinger, who was a member of the cast, was probably his sister.

A. P.

MRS. PICKWICK

BY T. W. HILL

WAS Mr. Pickwick ever married, and if so what became of his wife?

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club is such a well-known book and the personality of Mr. Pickwick is so familiar that it comes rather as a shock to realize that we know really very little about him. There is a good deal of mystery about this celebrated man, a mystery as profound as that concerning Edwin Drood, although Dickens *appears* to have been so very open and unreserved respecting his every movement.

Mr. Pickwick first makes his appearance in 1827 at a meeting of the Club named after him, and internal evidence shows that this was not the first meeting of the Club, which certainly existed in the previous winter when on more than one occasion Mr. Wardle had been a guest.

As to Mr. Pickwick's age, he was, in 1827, so far as can be guessed, not less than fifty years old. He had a "bald head, wore spectacles, had a gigantic brain and beaming eyes"; all of which gives credence to a man of fifty; he was the General Chairman of the Pickwick Club, and had three young men followers who accompanied him everywhere. Mr. Winkle said at the Bardell trial that Pickwick was "old enough to be my father"; when befriending Arabella he said himself that he was "old enough to be your father"; Mrs. Raddle said he "was old enough to be his (Bob Sawyer's) grandfather"; Sam Weller said that the Fleet Prison was no place "for an old 'un neither"; at Bristol Sam said that Pickwick's heart must have been "born five and twenty years arter his body at least"; Jingle alluded to him as "an elderly gentleman," and as a "jolly old gentleman"; and Dickens himself calls him "an elderly gentleman" on the day he fell into the ice-covered pond at Manor Farm [the only record of his having a bath—even an involuntary one].

He must have been contemporary with Wardle, who was about fifty-two, for old Mrs. Wardle was on Perker's testimony seventy-three, and of Miss Rachael, his sister, Wardle said "you're fifty if you're an hour."

Now, if Mr. Pickwick be taken as fifty years of age in 1827, he was born in 1777. Think of the stirring times during which he had lived. That half-century was one of the most thrilling periods of history. It was the age of Voltaire and Rousseau; a time of world upheavals. Recall some of the outstanding events: the American War of Independence; the religious revival led by John Wesley; the French Revolution; the Napoleonic wars with Austerlitz, Trafalgar and the Peninsular battles; Moscow and Waterloo; Industrial troubles culminating in Peterloo; Queen Caroline's trial; at least seven general elections and numerous bye-elections. It was an age of great thinkers, writers and statesmen. And yet so far as I can gather from the

published record about Mr. Pickwick that critical epoch seems to have left no trace whatever on his mind.

Of Mr. Pickwick's life before 1827 we therefore know nothing, for we can dismiss as negligible the admission that he had skated "on the gutters when I was a boy," and the fact that Perker's agent in Liverpool "had been obliged to him many times when you were in business." I conclude that when we first make his acquaintance he was quite alone in the world, the sole survivor of the Pickwick family; not a word is said of a father or a mother, sisters or brothers; even "in-laws" get no mention. And yet—and yet—. One feels that such a delightful personality must in the past have been married, and I think there are sufficient grounds for drawing that conclusion.

In his valedictory address, when the Pickwick Club was dissolved he stated: "Nearly the whole of my previous existence has been devoted to business and the pursuit of wealth. . . . Numerous scenes of which I had no previous conception have dawned upon me . . . the happiness of young people has ever been the chief pleasure of my life."

After his retirement, which must have been very shortly before we are introduced to him, his occupation was the investigations respecting the sources of the Hampstead ponds and a Theory of Tittlebats. What other man, except an immortal, ever lived who could so cut off his former life with a light-tight bulk-head and bury it all behind him in a forgotten limbo of memory, and devote himself to a social club on purpose to talk about Tittlebats and springs of water? What more was hidden behind that expansive forehead and in that gigantic brain? There must have been much, very much more, to command the attention of his fellow-members and attract three eligible young men like Winkle, Tupman and Snodgrass to attach themselves to his person; or to excite the jealous animosity of Blotton.

His early devotion to business had, we must gather, been so much of an obsession that when he began at fifty years of age to see the world and mix with his fellow-men he knew nothing of cricket or he would have noticed the peculiarities of the Muggleton match; he could not shoot, for he carried no shot-gun either when he accompanied the rook-shooting expedition or when he occupied the wheelbarrow on the trespassing onslaught on Captain Boldwig's partridges; he couldn't drive a horse or he would not have so mismanaged the animal hired from the Bull; he couldn't skate or he would have indulged in it instead of sliding; he was a poor hand at cards and showed wonderful temerity in sitting down at Bath with three thorough-paced female card-sharpers; he knew nothing of the noble art of self-defence although he had some idea of revolving his fists and taking up a paralytical attitude; he knew nothing of electioneering for he did not even know which side to support or what the contest at Eatanswill was about; he had never seen a military review although he was stated to be an "enthusiastic admirer of the army" and the country was full of martial activity for years; he was quite innocent of life in hotels or inns or he would not have been so confused at the Great White Horse, where, by the way, Sam Weller was so at home; he had never heard of

Serjeant Snubbin, who was at the very top of his profession and held much the same position as our Sir Patrick Hastings or Sir Norman Birkett; he had never been, even as a spectator, inside a Court of Law or he wouldn't have had to make a guess at which was the Jury panel and which the witness box; he thought medical students were fine fellows with judgment matured by observation and reflection and tastes refined by reading and study.

Sam Weller, whom he engaged because he had a considerable knowledge of the world "which may be of material use to me," soon found out the extent of Mr. Pickwick's ignorance and asked him "where he had been half-baptized."

All that I have said seems to me to point to the fact that in all probability Mr. Pickwick had been married, for I cannot conceive that an unmarried man, whose parents were dead, would go to an office or to business all day and every day, and then come home to a secluded lodging every evening and on Sundays without going out anywhere, never seeing anything of his fellow human beings. He could not have been such a miserable creature, for the record of his adventures, if indeed it is true, proves that he was a good mixer in any company.

Then we must bear in mind that Mr. Pickwick had in his psychical make-up a decided strain of philoprogenitiveness that might well have been suppressed if we can imagine him united to an unsympathetic partner. When, assuming that he had no children depending upon him, he attained his freedom on retirement, he would be able to give more scope to this side of his character. It is manifested in various ways throughout the short period of two or three years covered by the published record of his travels and adventures. He assumed a position *in loco parentis* to his three closest friends—all young men; looked after their morals; was interested in the marriages of Winkle and Snodgrass; restrained the amorous propensities of the too-susceptible Tupman; gave an expensive wedding present to Trundle's wife; acted, as a matter of course, as godfather to the children of Sam Weller, Winkle, Snodgrass and Trundle; befriended Jingle and Job Trotter; petted Tommy Bardell with marbles and sweets; acted most chivalrously when Winkle went to see Arabella at Bristol; undertook at some personal inconvenience a delicate diplomatic mission for Winkle to his father; took, quite naturally, the lead in the junketings at Manor Farm and was a centre of attraction under the mistletoe; insisted that Emily Wardle's wedding should be from his new house at Dulwich and at the breakfast took the top of the table as by right while Wardle was relegated to the bottom.

The reasons for his accompaniment of Wardle in the perilous journey in pursuit of Jingle were a chivalrous championship of Rachael, as well as the unmasking of Jingle, and his magnanimity towards Mrs. Bardell in paying her costs in order to release her from the Fleet was, I feel sure, dictated as much by sympathy for her and her little boy as a desire to yield to the persuasion of his friends. During his mysterious absence while he was preparing his new home, some (among whom was Mr. Tupman) were disposed to think he contemplated

matrimony—according to my theory this would be a second “wentur”—but this was strenuously repudiated by the ladies; they *knew*, bless ’em.

This long catalogue of Mr. Pickwick’s activities seems to me to be compatible and consistent with what might be attributed to a man who had been married and knew something of sociality, although I recognize that much could be equally well associated with a single gentleman. But it seems to me quite plausible; nay, probable, that a man of Mr. Pickwick’s character, a young man with good prospects in the city, would be courted if not pursued by an ambitious young woman anxious to see herself well settled in life, and a man of Mr. Pickwick’s modest and retiring nature would be just the sort of mate to attract such a young woman.

The dense and impenetrable fog of mystery—the light-tight bulkhead if you like—that hides Mr. Pickwick’s early life until he was fifty can only be pierced by “a pair of patent double million magnifying gas microscopes of hextra power” capable of seeing “through a flight of stairs and a deal door.” Applying these I seem to see vague indications of a tall female figure (perhaps a widder), spare in build, disappointed in not having any children, developing a sharp temper and an angular silhouette, jealous of her Samuel and, conscious of her own lack of attractions, never letting him out of her sight, clad in what might be black bombazine or some such funereal garb, worrying over trifles—perhaps inclined to nag—and given to hectoring her placid Samuel—he would never be called Sammy—who, I think I can faintly discern, is never allowed out by himself for recreation in the evenings after strenuous days in business; he does not appear even to be a member of the sort of dining or supper club that was popular at that period, and that, I suppose, was the reason that after his release from “matrimonial chains” he founded a club for himself. The strongest of gas microscopes that I can apply does not reveal any sign of any “in-laws” behind the bulk-head, and I can only assume that Mrs. Pickwick was an orphaned only child—quite a good reason for her to wish, as I have already pointed out, to unite herself to a “warm” husband who appeared good-tempered, good-natured and who could be easily “managed.” No wonder, then, that poor Pickwick’s ignorance of sport, politics and the ways of the world outside his home was absolutely abysmal in its depth. No wonder also that he pined for human society and plunged into its innermost recesses when he found the opportunity.

The date of Mrs. Pickwick’s death (I do wish I could guess her Christian name) assuming that such a person ever existed and depending only on the shadowy revelations of my gas microscope apparatus, cannot for want of evidence be decided, but on the authority of Serjeant Buzfuz we do know that Mrs. Bardell had offered accommodation to single gentlemen three years before the trial. Now, for the purposes of letting lodgings a single gentleman is a gentleman without encumbrances such as children or other relations, and certainly includes widowers as well as bachelors, so Mr. Pickwick would be quite eligible. We also know that Mr. Pickwick had made Mrs. Bardell’s house his

home for two years, and I therefore assume that Mrs. Pickwick had worried herself into her grave about three or perhaps four years before the record opens although there is no statement of his habitation between his bereavement and his becoming Mrs. Bardell's lodger.

It is only fair to examine also any reliable evidence that could establish beyond a peradventure the fact that Mr. Pickwick had never been married. First there is the evidence at the celebrated trial noted above. Second, it might be urged that Mr. Pickwick was a bachelor because of Sam's statement when he was engaged as manservant: "Take the bill down; I'm let to a single gentleman." But what and how much could Sam know? He had only seen Mr. Pickwick twice, and neither interview could have lasted more than a quarter-of-an-hour. I therefore reject this evidence as I consider it no more reliable than what the soldier said.

The only other evidence is Mr. Pickwick's own declaration in conversation with Peter Magnus at Ipswich. When asked if he had ever proposed marriage to a lady he gave a hasty and emphatic denial: "Never, never." Methinks he did "protest too much," for he followed this forcible expression by giving such sapient and cogent advice that one wonders—. Certainly he never proposed marriage to Mrs. Bardell, for I do not credit Serjeant Buzfuz's quotation: "How would you like to have another father?" That was merely a clever lawyer's forensic eloquence, for it is not in the record. Moreover, I am inclined to think it quite possible that Mr. Pickwick may not have proposed, in terms, to Mrs. Pickwick; she probably did all the courting; such things have been known.

I have reviewed all the evidence I can find on both sides of this question, and so launch the hypothesis that Pickwick had in early life been married, and had so acquired that knowledge of the human heart and of human contacts that caused him to be such an "innocent old dear" all through the famous book and, on the assumption of his having lived a more or less cloistered life in his youth and a more or less henpecked married life in early manhood, he burst forth when he did get the chance, eager and full of zest for the joy of living—a zest that has given us one of the immortal books of the English language.

THE THIRD WAR-TIME BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

OVER one hundred guests assembled at the Holborn Restaurant, London, on Saturday, February 7th, at a luncheon to celebrate the hundred-and-thirtieth anniversary of the birth of Dickens. Mr. Walter Dexter presided, and tributes to the Immortal Memory were given by Mr. Humphry House and Mr. James Agate. Both speeches will be printed in our next number. In the entertainment that followed, Miss Greatwood charmed with song, Mr. Frank Staff mystified with magic, and Mr. J. H. McNulty showed how other famous writers might have written the opening pages of the *Carol* had Dickens not been first with it.

"MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ"

THE series of articles under the above title will be continued in the next number of *The Dickensian*.

OLD HIGHGATE RE-VISITED

BY GEORGE F. YOUNG

ONE word of advice to the pilgrim. Don't waste time by going to "The Peacock" at Islington expecting to book a seat on a north-bound coach. No. Take the tube to the Archway Station or a trolley bus and alight at the good old "Archway Tavern," which stands at the junction of Highgate Hill and Archway Road. Look up Archway Road and you will see at once why the old coaches have ceased to function. They have taken down old Highgate Archway! In its place is Sir Alexander Binnie's bridge of iron. A lovely piece of work, but in daintiness, so unlike its predecessor that no self-respecting coach bound for "The Holly Tree" could be expected to go under it.

Yet the old arch was something of a fraud. So massive were its pillars and so dark its footway that I was sure it must have been built by some antediluvian ancestor of Vanbrugh; or in the time of the Conqueror at the latest. Forty years ago it was pulled down and nobody was more surprised than I to discover that in the matter of longevity old Parr standing upright in his grave in Westminster Abbey could give it sixty years start and a beating.

Not that I had any present business with the arch, new or old. I had come north through the "Hollow Way" to see how it stood with Copperfield's "Church with the slender spire," and to take in whatever offered itself in the way. I had plenty of time. But Archway Road was not for me. Inspector Buckett, the Dodger and Oliver notwithstanding. I couldn't resist, however, taking first a peep at the little statue of Whittington and then at his almshouses which nestle a short way up on the right. They were originally in the city and removed here in 1828. The picturesque doorways of the old buildings may still be seen on the site of their early home in College Hill adjoining the church of St. Michael Paternoster Royal.

The famous Whittington Stone is at the corner of Salisbury Road a short way up Highgate Hill. Dickens makes several references to it, and Bill Sikes passed it during his endeavour to escape the consequences of his murder of Nancy.

Further up the hill on the right is a lovely red brick house built about the year 1600. Later it became known as Cromwell House on the unauthenticated assertion that Cromwell installed members of his family in it. The staircase is unique: for standing at intervals on the wide handrail are handsome carved models of soldiers in Cromwell's army. They are about 18 inches high and there are replicas in the Tower of London. Some of the ceilings too are very fine: while the fireplace in the panelled dining room might have been designed as an air raid shelter for the family.

I recrossed the road and noted a tablet on a brick wall which informed me that it marked the site of Andrew Marvell's house. The tablet also told me something about Marvell, which was just as well. A few yards to the left is an entrance to Lauderdale House, built by Lauderdale, one of the famous "Cabal" ministry "Cabal" from

the initial letters of the names of the five members, viz., Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington and Lauderdale. The owner foolishly left his house to pay a visit to Scotland, whereupon Charles II promptly seized the opportunity to instal Nell Gwynne in it; and a recess supposed to have contained her bath may yet be seen. Students of the diary will remember that in 1666 Pepys came here with my Lord Bruncker in a coach and six.

I was now at the entrance to Waterlow Park, but before entering I took a note of St. Joseph's Retreat which stands on the left of the gates. St. Joseph's was founded by a brother of Spencer Perceval, the only British Prime Minister to suffer at the hands of an assassin. In 1812 he was shot dead in the lobby of the old House of Commons by a madman named Bellingham. Mr. Nupkins of *Pickwick* fame had occasion to recall the tragedy.

Entering the park which was given to the people of London by Sir Sydney Waterlow in 1889, by bearing right I came upon his statue which was unveiled by the Princess Louise in 1900. Note the umbrella and the trilby hat! From here I had a grandstand view of London. Continuing and still bearing to the right past the tennis courts, I came into Swain's Lane.

A little way up the lane on the left is an entrance to old Highgate Cemetery, into which I peeped. The beadle came out of his lodge to ask whether I had come to see anybody in particular. Any *body*. Good gracious, no! I wasn't so curious as all that. Could he direct me to the grave of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, or perhaps Mrs. Nickleby? "Never heard of them," he said, "When did they come?" I tried again. "The father and mother of Charles Dickens the novelist, then?" "Oh, yes, I can show you *them*." *Show me—them*. Again, that *habeas corpus* attitude of mind. "Keep straight on past Lillywhite the cricketer—there he is, look, on the right—, take first left; pass Tom Sayers, the pugilist, you'll see his dog and his likeness; then turn left by Jack Atchelor the horse slaughterer, don't forget the horse on top; then cross the narrow road at the bottom; take the grass track by Mottram, follow it half right for about thirty yards and stop at the little ash tree on the right, and there you are."

And there I was. Pulling aside the brambles which completely covered the headstone I read the inscription. Not "Yours in ashes" as one would associate with Micawber, but the well-known testimony to a "zealous useful cheerful spirit," written by Dickens himself. Whether John D. (I mean John Dickens, not Rockefeller) and Micawber are in essentials the same person or not, it is a comforting thought to know that one of them at least is now on top of the world. All London is at his feet.

Retracing my steps past "Tom Sayers," I turned left and came upon the columbarium. On the far side I found an interesting group, including Wombwell, of circus fame; Sir Blundell Maple, and Mrs. Henry Wood. By taking the path, leaving "Mrs. Henry Wood" on my left, I saw on the right a monument to Frances, wife of John Whitbread. Behind it and lying flat is a large stone marking the

grave of Mrs. Charles Dickens and little Dora Annie. In addition, the stone bears the name of Charles Dickens and place of burial; and the same details are given regarding the remainder of the children. Nearby is the grave of Dickens's brother Alfred.

Then the storm broke. For an hour I sheltered in the little doorway of a vault in the columbarium, containing the coffins of a husband, his wife and her twin sister. Somehow I had a feeling that in life they must have been a very happy trio. And I was certain that had they been in a position to do so, they would have done the honours by inviting me in out of the wet. One thing *they* could have been certain of, and that is, I would not have outstayed my welcome. All the same it is true to say that half audibly I thanked them for their hospitality. There are many other interesting graves in this part of the cemetery, including Faraday, Karl Marx, F. D. Maurice, Rowland Hill, Herbert Spencer, and George Henry Lewes. The last is buried in the new portion across the lane. It may be that Dickens knew and corresponded with some of them, but that is a matter for a more erudite Dickensian than the writer.

At the top of Swain's Lane is No. 10 Church Row. Mrs. Steerforth does not live there now because at the time of my visit the house was unoccupied. But she *did* do so, as the late B. W. Matz proved to my satisfaction. At one time this was the home of Sir John Hawkins, who wrote a history of music. He was an executor of the will of Dr. Johnson and is buried in the north cloister of Westminster Abbey.

Turning left from Swain's Lane and noting Moreton House, for three years the home of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, I came at last to the "Church with the slender spire." As in *Copperfield*: "The church with the slender spire that stands at the top of the hill now was not there then to tell me the time. An old red brick mansion used as a school was in its place; and a fine old house it must have been to go to school at as I recollect it."

Alas! The spire is slender no longer. The topmost 25 feet became unsafe owing to blast from a high explosive bomb which dropped in the old cemetery just behind, and had to be taken down. Evidently some Fifth Columnist had been at work here, for obviously the Hun was searching for "The Dashing White Sergeant" so dear to Mrs. Micawber, who in fancy, I had left lying under the little ash tree.

The red brick mansion referred to by Dickens was built for the Earl of Arundel, and in it, in 1626, Lord Chancellor Bacon died. By the courtesy of the Verger I was able to see some remains of the mansion which form part of the foundations of the church. I was informed that the original door of the old house has been incorporated in the house at the corner of Townsend's Yard a short distance down Highgate Hill.

Opposite the church are some lovely early Georgian houses which should not be missed. These form what is known as The Grove. No. 3 was lately in the occupation of J. B. Priestley. In this same house in 1834 S. T. Coleridge died, having spent the last eighteen years

of his life here. He is buried in the crypt of old St. Michael's Church, which for many years has been the chapel of Highgate Grammar School.

To reach the old church and the school I recrossed by the quaint "Flask Tavern," and retraced my steps past "Mrs. Steerforth's" as far as Highgate Hill. In the school I again found a friend. This was the acting Head, and I suspect that it didn't take *him* long to discover that *I* wasn't an "Old Boy." Which made his kindness all the more commendable. Mr. T. is just the kind of Headmaster I should have liked had I been compelled to swop someone for dear old "Daddy Price," our Head at Brecknock Road Board School fifty years ago.

Highgate Grammar School is an Elizabethan foundation, but the chapel was founded two hundred years earlier. I was able to see the great hall of the school and also the tomb of Coleridge in the crypt. Thank you, Mr. T.

I was now at the beginning of North Road. Had I been so minded, by walking a few hundred yards I could have seen the signpost of the old "Red Lion," and (though "To Let") the house of "Mrs. Goodman's next door" referred to by Dickens in a letter to his friend Kolle. But who could resist the bus bound for Golder's Green? It would put me down at "The Spaniards," where I could take tea with Mrs. Bardell and her bosom friends. I hadn't communed with Martha, Elizabeth and Susannah for years. There would be no pettitoes on the hob: nor any cheese browning nicely in a little Dutch oven. I decided on the bus and "The Spaniards" nevertheless.



BOZ IN AMERICA

BY TOM HOOD

[The following is the preliminary portion of a long review of *American Notes* in the "New Monthly Magazine" for November, 1842. So far as we can ascertain it has never before been republished.—EDITOR.]

SINCE the voyages of Columbus in search of the New World, and of Raleigh in quest of El Dorado, no visit to America has excited so much interest and conjecture as that of the author of *Oliver Twist*. The enterprise was understood to be a sort of Literary Expedition, for profit as well as pleasure; and many and strange were the speculations of the reading public as to the nature and value of the treasures which would be brought home by Dickens on his return. Some persons expected a philosophical comparison of Washington's Republic with that of Plato; others anticipated a Report on the Banking System and Commercial statistics of the United States; and some few, perhaps, looked for a Pamphlet on International Copyright. The general notion, however, was that the Transatlantic acquisitions of Boz would transpire in the shape of a Tale of American Life and Manners—and, moreover, that it would appear by monthly instalments in green covers, and illustrated by some artist with the name of Phiz, or Whiz, or Quiz.

So strong indeed was this impression that certain blue-stockinged prophetesses even predicted a new avatar of the celebrated Mr. Pickwick in slippers and loose trousers, a nankeen jacket, and a straw hat as

large as an umbrella. Sam Weller was to appear as his help, instead of a footman; still full of droll sayings, but in a slang more akin to that of his namesake the Clockmaker; while Weller, Senior, was to revive on the box of a Boston long stage—only calling himself Jonathan instead of Tony, and spelling it with a G. A Virginian widow Bardell was a matter of course—and some visionaries even foresaw a slave-owning Mr. Snodgrass, a coon-hunting Mr. Winkle, a wide-awake Jo, and a forest-clearing Bob Sawyer.

The fallacies of these guesses and calculations by the announcement of *American Notes for General Circulation*, a title that at once dissipated every dream of a Clock-case and a Club, and cut off all chance of a tale. Encouraged by the technical term which seemingly had some reference to their own speculations, the money-mongers still held on faintly by their former opinion; but the Romanticists were in despair, and reluctantly abandoned all hope of a Pennsylvanian Nicholas Nickleby affectionately darning his mother—a New Yorkshire Mr. Squeers flogging creation—a black Smike—a brown Kate, and a Bostonian Newman Noggs, alternately swallowing a cocktail and a cobbler.

Still there remained enough in the announcement of *American Notes* by C. Dickens to strop the public curiosity to a keen edge. Numerous had been the writers on the land of the stars and stripes—a host of travelled ladies and gentlemen, liberals and illiberals, utilitarians and inutilitarians—human bowls of every bias had trundled over the United States without hitting, or in the opinion of the natives, even coming near the jack. The Royalist, missing the accustomed honours of Kings and Queens, saw nothing but a republican pack of Knaves; the High Churchman, finding no established church, declared that there was no religion; the aristocrat swore that all was low and vulgar, because there were no servants in drab turned up with blue, or in green turned down with crimson; the radical was shocked by the caucus, the enthralment of public opinion, and the timidity of the preachers; the metaphysical philosopher was disgusted with the preponderance of the real over the ideal; the adventurer took fright at Lynch law, and the saintly abolitionist saw nothing but black angels and white devils. An impartial account of America and the Americans was still to seek, and accordingly the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic looked forward with anxiety and eagerness for the opinion of a writer who had proved by a series of wholesome fiction that his heart was in the right place, that his head was not in the wrong one, and that his hand was a good hand at description. One thing at least was certain, that nothing would be set down in malice; for compared with modern authors in general, Boz is remarkably free from sectarian or antisocial prejudices, and as to politics he seems to have taken the long pledge against party spirit. And doubtless one of the causes of his vast popularity has been the social and genial tone of his works—showing that he feels and acts on the true principle of the “homo sum”—a sum too generally worked on one in long division instead of addition.

In the meantime the bark, after long budding in advertisement, has burst into full leaf, and however disconcerting to those persons who had looked for something quite different, will bring no disappointment to such as can be luxuriously content with good sense, good feeling, good fun and good writing.

THE MONTREAL THEATRE AND ANOTHER MYSTERY

BY ANDREW PATERSON

[Mr. Paterson's corrections of the proof of his article in the *Winter Dickensian* did not arrive until after the magazine had gone to press; a slight error had crept in on page 20, at the end of paragraph 3. The date of the first performance was the 25th, not the 23rd May, the day *after*, and not the eve of Queen Victoria's birthday.—EDITOR.]

I.

SINCE I wrote my article on the mystery of the play-bill of the performance at the Montreal theatre on May 25th, asking the questions, was there a Queen's Theatre as well as a Theatre Royal, or was an error made in the play-bill, or was the theatre deliberately named the Queen's Theatre for this special occasion, I have obtained some further information.

Through the kindness of Mr. Arthur G. Penny, editor of the "Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph," I have received a copy of the report of the performance in the "Montreal Herald" of May 27th, 1842, printed on page 72. This report definitely links Queen's Theatre with Theatre Royal and proves them without doubt to have been one and the same playhouse. It begins: "On Wednesday evening there was an exhibition of private theatricals in the Theatre Royal" (Note—It does not say Queen's Theatre). The report then quotes the invitation as follows: "The Committee request the pleasure of . . . 's company at the Queen's Theatre, Montreal. . . ."

From this it can be deduced that this first performance on May 25th was distinctly private and that the name of the theatre was deliberately changed to Queen's Theatre for that one night only so that no outsider could demand admission by putting down his money and claiming the right to enter on the ground that the Theatre Royal was a place of public entertainment.

II.

Now to clear up another mystery. Forster states, on the authority of Dickens's letters, that Lord Mulgrave, whom he met on the s.s. "Britannia," was "going back to join his regiment"; and that at Montreal Dickens had been invited to act "with the officers of the Colstream Guards."

In the contemporary press describing the Dickens's performances in Montreal, there is no mention of the Coldstreams, and one concludes that here is another mystery that needs explaining. In the cast of the second performance, the numbers of two regiments are given, the 23rd and the 85th, and Dickens himself testifies that the music was provided, not by the Coldstreams, but by "the band of the 23rd."

Turning to other records, one finds that the mystery becomes even more obscure. According to the "Montreal Almanack" for 1842, the Coldstream Guards were not in Montreal at all. Other units of the army, were located at strategic points between Montreal and the United States border, but none of these were Coldstreams. On the other hand, stationed at Quebec, were the 2nd Batt. Grenadier Guards

and the 2nd Batt. C. Guards, the latter being presumably Coldstream Guards. When Dickens paid his brief visit to Quebec, the extract from the "Quebec Gazette," dated May 28th, states that the Dickens party "partook of a Déjeuner à la Fourchette with the officers of the Grenadiers." There is no mention of the Coldstreams in the report, and it seems therefore surprising that if Dickens were performing for their benefit, they did not entertain him.

Considering that Quebec is something like 180 miles from Montreal, it is unlikely that the Coldstreams would attend a play in the latter city in great numbers, considering that there was no railroad at that time. Even if that regiment had prepared a theatrical entertainment, it is unlikely they would produce it in Montreal; they would have presented it in their own city, Quebec.

According to some, the assumption under which Dickens laboured, that he was "to play with the officers of the Coldstream Guards here (Montreal)" may have risen from the deduction that he was invited to Montreal by Lord Mulgrave, "who was going back to his regiment." Unfortunately for this theory, Lord Mulgrave was not an officer of the Coldstream Guards, but, according to the Army List of 1842, was then a Lieutenant in the Scots Fusilier Guards, now the Scots Guards. Nor could it be said that he was "going back to his regiment," for according to the "List," the Scots Fusilier Guards were not in Canada that year. I am obliged to the present Marchioness of Normanby for the information that at this time Lord Mulgrave, afterwards Marquis of Normanby, was in Canada as Aide-de-camp to Lieut.-General Sir Richard Downes Jackson, Commander of the Forces. This position he held from June, 1840, until September, 1843.

In future biographies instead of saying that "he (Dickens) acted in Montreal with the officers of the Coldstream Guards," it might be better to state that he acted with the officers of the Garrison.

SWEEPING TROUBLES BEHIND

THE usually well-informed Queries and Answers column of the "New York Times Book Review" all unconsciously emulated Mr. Podsnap in October last, and thereby added to our gaiety. In the issue of 19th October appeared this query:

C. M. B. desires the name of the character in Dickens's works who is referred to in the early part of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" as a character who "throw all troubles over the right shoulder with the left hand."

A fortnight later came the reply:

The answer to C. M. B.'s request in your issue of October 19th is found in Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" of the Random House edition, Vol. I, Part I, on Page 51.

Stephen Arkadyevitch chides Konstantin Levin with being like a Dickens character when he says: "It's very well for you to talk like that; it's very much like that gentleman in Dickens who used to fling all difficult questions over his right shoulder."

It is interesting to find that Tolstoy "dropped into" Dickens on at least one occasion; but does the "N. Y. Times Book Review" yet know the answer to C. M. B.'s query?

AMERICA 1842

A DICKENS DIARY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

PART II

MONDAY, MARCH 14TH, 1842.

Dinner at Boulanger's* with a Club of Representatives. Quincy Adams, General van Ness, and myself the guests; good speeches, only a short one from me; begged to be excused staying late on account of arrival of letters from home at last; Kate had sent a note up, and didn't open them—which I consider heroic. Home at half-past ten and sat reading the letters until nearly two in the morning.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15TH, 1842.

Have regularly visited both Houses every day; I have the privilege of appearing on the floor whenever I will. Both handsome and commodious chambers; a great deal of bad speaking but some remarkable men. All promise help for International Copyright. I begin to hope. Levée at the President's in the evening; invited to dine with him on Friday, but I had to decline as we leave here to-morrow night

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16TH, 1842.

As the steamer for Richmond leaves at the unearthly hour of four in the morning, we go aboard at night, and sleep there.

Without my authority it is placarded all over the town that I am to visit the theatre to-night. Seaton will contradict this in the Intelligencer. Irving with me most of the day, and wept heartily on parting. He is a fine fellow when you know him well. He sails for Liverpool on April 7th.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17TH, 1842.

Rose early to get a view of Mount Vernon where Washington is buried; steamer not unlike a Noah's Ark, with the machinery on top of the roof. Landed at nine at Potomac Creek where seven stage coaches wait to take the passengers part of the way to Richmond, along a "Virginny Road." I am the only outside passenger. Very dangerous driving; two hours and a half for the ten miles to Fredericksburgh whence rail to Richmond; the land here is now unproductive due to slave labour forcing it without strengthening the soil; glad at heart to find something on which one of the curses of this horrible institution has fallen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18TH, 1842.

Exchange Hotel at Richmond is a large and elegant establishment; well entertained; a merry people. Weather here extremely warm; peach and magnolia trees in full bloom. Well arranged public library, 10,000 volumes. Visited tobacco factory—mostly for chewing—with its uninviting consequences.

A party of about ninety entertained me to a "private" supper; very merry; many toasts, including one to me as "the Artful Dodger—who had dodged dinners in Philadelphia and Baltimore, but could not dodge the Old Dominion."

* At Washington.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19TH, 1842.

Forrest to breakfast—he is acting here.

Visited tobacco plantation ; the slaves work in wretched conditions. This particular owner of fifty slaves is a kind-hearted and worthy man I am convinced. The cooling refectations of mint-julep and sherry cobbler are delicious. But there is decay and gloom over Richmond, as in the ten mile approach.

Reception in hotel from 12 to 2 every day ; get desperately tired with this incessant hand-shaking ; but many people are much offended if I decline to receive them at whatever time they care to call. Have decided to break my resolution against more public entertainments, and have accepted invitations from St. Louis on the confines of the Indian territory, two thousand miles from New York. Think of my dining there !

Shall not go on to Charleston ; much too hot in these latitudes.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20TH, 1842.

Impossible to get to Baltimore through Norfolk without delay there on account of boat repairing. Returned to Washington by the same route as we came ; again at Fuller's. Two constables on board in pursuit of runaway slaves.

MONDAY, MARCH 21ST, 1842.

Train to Baltimore, 4 o'clock ; two and a half hours.

Barnum's Hotel here the best I have struck so far ; the only one in which I have had enough water to wash myself. Have bought myself another accordion. It makes us pleasantly sad to play " Home, Sweet Home " at night.

TUESDAY, MARCH 22ND, 1842.

A day of letter writing ; enormously long letters to Forster, Macready, Mitton, Maclise, Lady Holland, and Miss Coutts.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23RD, 1842.

Washington Irving is here. Some unknown admirer of his books and mine sent to the hotel a most enormous mint-julep, wreathed with flowers ; it filled a respectable round table and we sat one on either side of it, and drank the health of the doner ; it was an enchanted julep which carried us among innumerable people and places that we both knew. He has a most captivating laugh, the brightest and best I have ever heard. Talked far into the night.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24TH, 1842.

Commenced our great journey West at half past eight this morning ; all unneeded luggage already forwarded to New York to await us. Railroad to York, sixty miles ; dinner at hotel where the four-horse coach started for Harrisburg. Muddy and cumbersome as usual ; extra large size, like a barge on wheels ; very wet journey through the pleasant valley of the Susquehanna ; very dangerous after dark ; no lamps. Snug hotel at Harrisburg ; landlord the most obliging, considerate and gentlemanly person I ever had to deal with. His name is Buehler, and his inn the Eagle.

FRIDAY, MARCH 25TH, 1842.

Visited the local legislature and other curiosities of the town. Much interested in looking over a number of treaties made with the poor Indians, with signatures of animals, weapons, and so forth after which the chiefs are called.

Before our early dinner the landlord announced that some members of the legislature desired to call; he kindly yielded up his own little parlour—with a painful apprehensive look at his pretty carpet. Not only did the members spit, but one blew his nose with his fingers also on the carpet.

Yet this landlord would not at first present his bill, saying the honour and the pleasure, etc., but we being four I would not hear of it. Raining continually.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we joined the Canal Boat which is to be our home for the next few days.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26TH, 1842.

Eight-and-twenty of us in a low cabin, one man above me and one below, all night, on temporary shelves the width of a sheet of paper. The shelves taken down, the cabin—one cannot stand upright in with your hat on—serves as the dining saloon for three and thirty souls—the men with foul linen and yellow streams from half-chewed tobacco running down their chins. The ladies' cabin is part of the same cabin, screened off by a red curtain.

SUNDAY, MARCH 27TH, 1842.

Life aboard the canal boat gets worse as the hours pass. The cabin is like a dwarf's private apartment in a caravan at a fair, and the passengers represent the spectators at a penny a head. "Fixings" is the name given to the viands, shad, liver, steaks, potatoes, pickles, ham, black-puddings, and sausages. All passengers extremely polite, but they thrust their broad-bladed knives and two pronged forks further down their throats than I ever saw the same weapons go before except in the hands of a skilful juggler. Washing accommodation primitive; one fishes the dirty water out of the canal with a ladle chained to the deck; public comb and hair brush.

Crossed Alleghany Mountains by railroad—five hours, with stop at the inn on top for a meal. Fine, grand scenery, but immeasurably inferior to Glencoe, to whose terrors I have as yet not seen the slightest approach. Dilapidated and forlorn log cabins—not one with whole windows. Joined the second boat the other side of the mountain, crowded with a dozen or more passengers from the slower and cheaper boat which had followed us from Harrisburgh.

MONDAY, MARCH 28TH, 1842.

Last night the worst I have spent; hawking and spitting the whole night through. I was obliged this morning to lay my fur coat out on deck and wipe the half-dried flakes of spittle from it with my handkerchief; it had laid all night upon a stool beside me, under a cross fire from five men. I made no complaint and shewed no disgust. Following my usual custom rose about five, ran up to deck bare necked and plunged my head into half-frozen water; then jumped to the towing path and walked five or six miles before breakfast, to the astonishment

of the other passengers, who are surprised at a sedentary Englishman roughing it so well.

Due to arrive Pittsburgh to-night. Ugly confusion of backs of buildings greeted our arrival, crazy galleries and stairs like any other water approach to a busy town.

TUESDAY, MARCH 29TH, 1842.

Exchange Hotel, Pittsburgh, where we plan to spend three days. The townsfolk say the place is like Birmingham, and I don't correct them. At any rate there is a deal of smoke in it. A steamboat is to take us to Cincinnati, but as they usually blow up one or two a week am to make enquiry as to the comparative safety of the vessels in port. Delighted to meet D'Almaine again after ten years or more; now getting a living as a portrait painter; he seems very lonely here.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30TH, 1842.

Levéés every day; and a great queer crowd they are. Have arranged passage on the *Messenger*, which has been strongly recommended, although date of sailing not definitely fixed; but am assured from confidential sources that it will be on Friday.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31ST, 1842.

D'Almaine dines with us every day, and I think he has gained much happiness in so doing, poor fellow. Holding forth to him and Putnam last night on the subject of magnetism, Kate sat down, laughing, for me to try my hand on her. I had never tried before, but in six minutes I magnetised her into hysterics, and then into the magnetic sleep. I tried again to-night, and she fell into the slumber in little more than two minutes. I can wake her with perfect ease; but I confess (not being prepared for anything so sudden and complete) I was on the first occasion rather alarmed.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1ST, 1842.

Great crowd saw us off on *Messenger* at noon. Forty passengers, exclusive of the poorer persons on lower deck. Much better cabin here than on *Britannia*, tiny state-room for ourselves in the stern, an advantage, having been many times recommended to keep as far aft as possible "because the steamboats generally blew up forward"; separate cabin for meals; breakfast half-past seven; dinner one, supper six. Washing department little more civilized, but still bad.

Delighted to receive letters from HOME just before our departure. Read and re-read them all. This is a very tremulous steam boat which makes my hand shake.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1842.

The Pittsburgh landlord made us a present of wine; we mean to tap it to-night in our own cabin to drink the health of Forster on his birthday. Spend much time in our own little cabin, and upon the little gallery outside on stern of boat. Seldom see other passengers except at meal-times; then everything has appearance of a mighty spread—a great many small dishes and plates on table, but only one joint; cold water only to drink with meals; nobody says anything

at a meal to anybody ; no conversation, no laughter, no cordiality, except in spitting, and that is done in silent fellowship round the stove when the meal is over.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3RD, 1842.

Ohio 900 miles long ; we shall travel about 550 miles upon it by time we reach Cincinnati in early hours to-morrow. Fine broad river always, but the banks are mostly deep solitudes, unbroken by signs of human life for miles and miles. River has washed away the banks and stately trees have fallen down into the stream. We carry a few emigrants, poor souls. Every village is a "city" here. We count the days, and long, and yearn for Home.

MONDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1842.

Broadway Hotel, Cincinnati. Arrived at about three o'clock this morning, I believe, but was fast asleep in my berth. Came ashore at half-past eight ; hotel within a stone's throw of the boat. Immediately two judges called to know when we would receive the townspeople. Appointed to-morrow half-past eleven to one ; they take us round the town to-day at one. This is a beautiful city, cheerful, thriving and animated. The prettiest place I have seen here, except Boston. Great Temperance Convention here ; procession of several thousand men ; banners very well painted flaunted down the street famously.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5TH, 1842.

Judge Walker is a very agreeable man, in face and figure reminds me very much of Felton. I do not like the hundred and fifty first-rate bores to whom we were introduced separately and singly at his house to-night. Serenaded at night, as usual in every place, and very well serenaded, I must say.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1842.

Leave Cincinnati with regrets ; generally speaking society intelligent, courteous and agreeable. They have good reason to be proud of their city ; fifty years ago the ground on which it stands was a wild wood, its citizens, now fifty thousand, but a handful of settlers in scattered log huts upon the river's shore. The *Pike* Steamboat is much better class than the others on the Ohio, but as we reach Louisville at midnight (we started at eleven a.m.) we sleep ashore in preference to the state-room on board. Nothing very interesting in the day's scenery.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7TH, 1842.

Slept at the Galt House, Louisville, a splendid hotel, handsomely lodged as though we had been in Paris. Rode through town after breakfast, streets regular and cheerful ; but not much business stirring. At noon joined another steamboat at a suburb called Portland ; its name, the *Fulton*. Have a Kentucky giant on board, seven feet eight inches in his stockings, and as usual, weak at the knees. The arrangements of this boat are like those on the *Messenger* ; the passengers are the same order of people.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8TH, 1842.

Spend most of my time reading, or writing on my knee, in our little cabin. I really dread the hour that summons us to table. I never in my life did see such listless, heavy dullness as brood over these meals just the same as on the *Messenger*; same viands, same dull manner, same observances. There is some relief, as the Captain, a blunt good-natured fellow, has his handsome wife with him; she is lively and agreeable, and sits at our end of the table; but nothing can make head against the depressing influence of the general body.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9TH, 1842.

Reached a dismal swamp called Cairo this morning, after many weary hours travelling along the weary rivers Ohio and Mississippi. Had expected something more inspiring at the junction of these two great rivers; but banks are low and trees stunted; the settlements and log-cabins fewer in number; their inhabitants more wan and wretched than any we had encountered yet. No songs of birds; no pleasant scents; no moving lights. Vaunted in England as a mine of Golden Hope, and speculated in, on the faith of monstrous representations, to many people's ruin. A breeding place of fever, ague and death.

SUNDAY, APRIL 10TH, 1842.

Due to arrive St. Louis at nine this evening. By this time shall have accomplished a water journey of 1230 miles. Two thousand miles west of the Atlantic. Touching scene on board when little woman with her baby greeted her husband who had never seen his child, she having left him a month or two after marriage to tend her sick mother in New York.

MONDAY, APRIL 11TH, 1842.

Well lodged in a large hotel called the Planter's House, more like an English hospital with long passages, bare walls and skylights above the room doors for air. At breakfast-time large glasses of new milk with blocks of ice in them as clear as crystal. Have received the committee and other inhabitants, visited the city—old French quarter very picturesque crooked streets, wooden houses with galleries.

TUESDAY, APRIL 12TH, 1842.

The proprietors of this house have most bountiful notions of providing the creature comforts; sixteen dishes on the table at one time the other day; fourteen to-day. On the edge of the Prairie—variously pronounced *paramer*, *parearer*, *paroarer*. To the Looking Glass Prairie within thirty miles of the town. Fourteen of us in all; no ladies. Left at seven; four vehicles of various patterns, and one rider on horseback in front; mud, mire, damp and festering heat; horses watered freely with a gallon or so each of water, until they swell to twice their natural dimensions. At noon halted at Belleville, a small collection of wooden houses huddled together in the very heart of the bush and swamp; many brightly (and newly) painted. Inn, half cow-shed, half kitchen—wheat bread and chicken fixings. Ride continued through same desolate waste to Lebanon at three—horses again inflated. Public-house here so very clean and good, resolved to

return to it for the night. In village met a full-sized dwelling house coming down hill at full trot drawn by a score or more of oxen.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13TH, 1842.

Dined last night on the Looking-Glass prairie at sunset ; a great plain, undoubtedly worth seeing, but like most things, great or small, in this country, referred to with considerable exaggeration. The widely famed Far West is not to be compared with even the tamest portions of Scotland or Wales ; excessive flatness makes it dreary ; I felt no such emotions as I do in crossing Salisbury Plain. But fine, and worth the ride to see the sun go down. Very jolly party, and a delicious meal ; proposed toasts from the coach-box, which was the chair. The inn at Lebanon, in point of cleanliness and comfort, compares favourably with any English ale-house of a homely kind. Returned by different way, but with all the same features as yesterday. Arrived St. Louis at noon ; rested all the afternoon in preparation for the Soirée in the ballroom of the Planter's House. The whole of the guests introduced to us singly ; glad to come away at midnight, very tired. Very trying changes in the weather.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14TH, 1842.

This afternoon we turn our faces homewards. Thank Heaven. The *Messenger* to Louisville, when we change into another boat for Cincinnati. Have been very averse to speaking here on the subject of slavery, but when a certain Judge yesterday asserted that he pitied our national ignorance of the truths of slavery, I fell upon him ; for men to speak of it as a matter of course, as a blessing, a state of things to be desired, was to place themselves beyond the pale of reason ; and for him to speak of ignorance or prejudice, was an absurdity too ridiculous to be combated ; I have collected many newspaper cuttings concerning this foul thing. One has a leader in reference to "the abominable and hellish doctrine of Abolition—repugnant alike to every law of God and Nature." Think of it !

FRIDAY, APRIL 15TH, 1842.

It is well for society that this Mississippi, the renowned Father of Waters, had no children who take after him. It is the beastliest river in the world.

Again stopped at the detestable morass called Cairo, to take in wood. Journey downstream with its turbid current decidedly bad ; large logs of wood block the way, and often passage forced through a labyrinth of floating logs ; in the dark it is impossible to see them beforehand ; the bell was never silent for five minutes at a time all night. I trust never to see the Mississippi more, saving in troubled dreams and nightmares.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16TH, 1842.

Shot out of that hideous river yesterday ; now on the smooth Ohio, like the transition from pain to perfect ease.

SUNDAY, APRIL 17TH, 1842.

At Louisville we again slept at its excellent hotel ; tired of sleeping upon shelves.

MONDAY, APRIL 18TH, 1842.

The *Ben Franklin* mail steamboat to Cincinnati; a beautiful boat; but although we arrived after midnight, we would not sleep aboard, but knocked up the porter at the Broadway Hotel and to our great joy safely housed soon afterwards.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20TH, 1842.

Left here at eight o'clock in the morning for Columbus by mail stage. Anne, Kate and Putnam inside, I on the box. Travelling all night, One hundred and twenty miles in twenty-three hours. Good macadamized road.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1842.

Arrived Columbus at seven o'clock in the morning, breakfasted at Neil House and went to bed until dinner; after which usual reception. Town clean and pretty and of course is "going to be" much larger.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22ND, 1842.

Coach to Sandusky not running to-day, I bargained for "an exclusive extra" with four horses, forty dollars, or eight pounds English. Track through the forest, among the swamps, bogs and morasses of the withered bush. Mostly what is called a "corduroy road"—whole logs thrown into the swamp to settle; continually jostled about from one side to another; made a joke about it and really quite merry. A beautiful day, and we are alone; no tobacco spittle, no eternal prosy political talk. Picnic in the woods; we drank to our darlings and all friends at home. At Lower Sandusky, sixty-three miles from Columbus, at ten; vivid lightning for the last three hours of the journey. The inn is only a rough log house; no locks on doors. Putnam so beset with bugs in his attic bed, that he got up and slept in the coach.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23RD, 1842.

Breakfasted, driver and all, in one common room, papered with newspapers and as rough a place as need be. Reached Tiffin at about noon (we started at half-past seven), train to Sandusky. Very slow, indifferent construction on wet and marshy ground. Arrived in time for dinner. Comfortable little hotel on the brink of Lake Erie.

SUNDAY, APRIL 24TH, 1842.

People here are very obliging. The landlord comes into the room with his hat on; spits into the fireplace as he talks; sits down on the sofa, with his hat on; but is anxious to please, and that is enough. Town somewhat sluggish and uninteresting, something like the back of an English watering-place out of the season. There is no boat yet in sight for Buffalo. The steamship named *The Constitution* suddenly arrived in the middle of an early dinner—and we had to hurry out to catch her. A large vessel of five-hundred tons, handsomely fitted up, with high-pressure engines, which convey to me the feeling of taking lodgings on top of a powder mill. She is laden with flour, only a few passengers. We lay all night at Cleveland, a beautiful town.

(To be continued)

THE DICKENS DIETARY

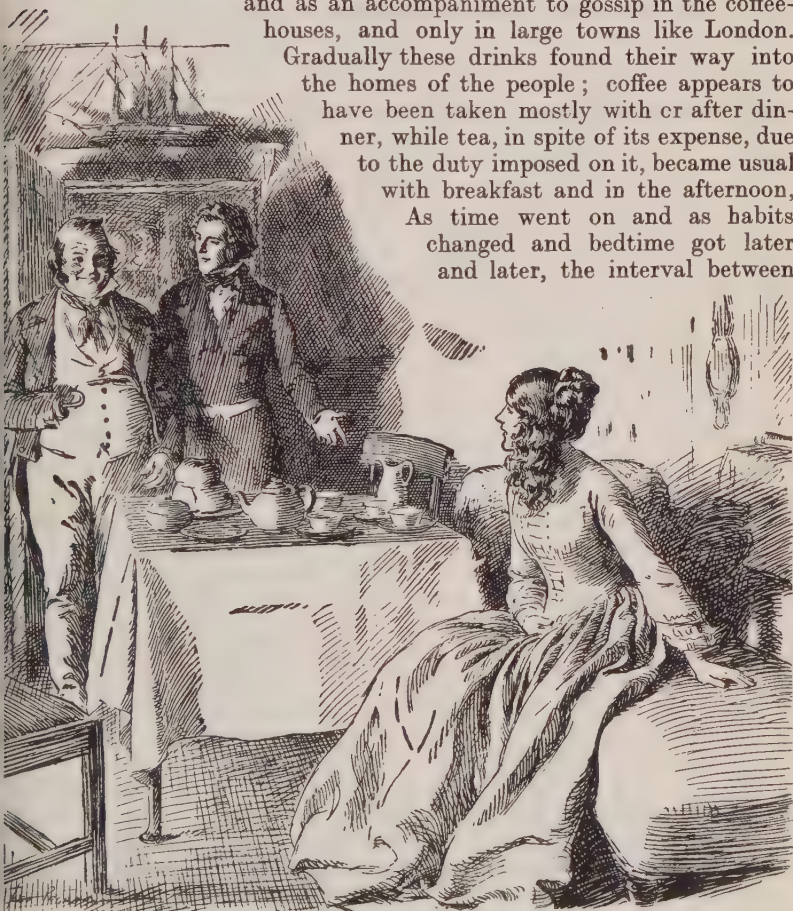
BY T. W. HILL

IV—TEAS

UNTIL the introduction of tea, and coffee, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the usual liquid refreshment taken with food in England was small beer or else water, or wine (rather poor stuff) for those who could afford it. The principal meals were breakfast, the first meal of the day, usually rather early; dinner, the chief and most substantial meal, generally at about mid-day; and lastly supper, a scrappy meal, before retiring for the night. Tea and coffee became very popular during the eighteenth century, but only as beverages and as an accompaniment to gossip in the coffee-houses, and only in large towns like London.

Gradually these drinks found their way into the homes of the people; coffee appears to have been taken mostly with or after dinner, while tea, in spite of its expense, due to the duty imposed on it, became usual with breakfast and in the afternoon,

As time went on and as habits changed and bedtime got later and later, the interval between



Florence Dombey has tea with Captain Cuttle and Walter.—"Dombey & Son."

dinner and supper became lengthened, and the need arose for some form of food in the afternoon; so tea gave its name to that meal, and by Dickens's time tea as a meal was an established institution with the middle classes.

I.

Mr. Chadband, a large man, instead of saying a proper grace-before-meat at the Snagsbys', waved his flabby hands and apostrophised the company: "Do we need refreshment then, my friends? We do . . . From whence do we derive the strength that is necessary to our limbs? Is it (glancing over the table) from bread in various forms, from butter which is churned from the milk which is yielded untoe us by the cow, from the eggs which are laid by the fowl, from ham, from tongue, from sausage, and from such like? It is." He had missed in his hasty survey of the heavily-loaded table, the dainty new bread, and the delicate little rows of anchovies nestling in parsley, but we can be sure he did not miss them when he sat down, for he proceeded to lay about him prodigiously; nor did he miss the muffins when they were brought in hot and soaked in lots of butter, an article particularly suited to such a consuming, not to say a gorging, vessel. He also did not notice the best tea-service since that was not edible.

No one will deny the lusciousness of rich buttered foods for tea. It must have been an obsession of Dickens (perhaps from his early recollections of his own home life). So great is its attraction that when he seeks an outlet for Ralph Nickleby's financial transactions he causes him to attend a meeting of the United Me-ropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Delivery Company.

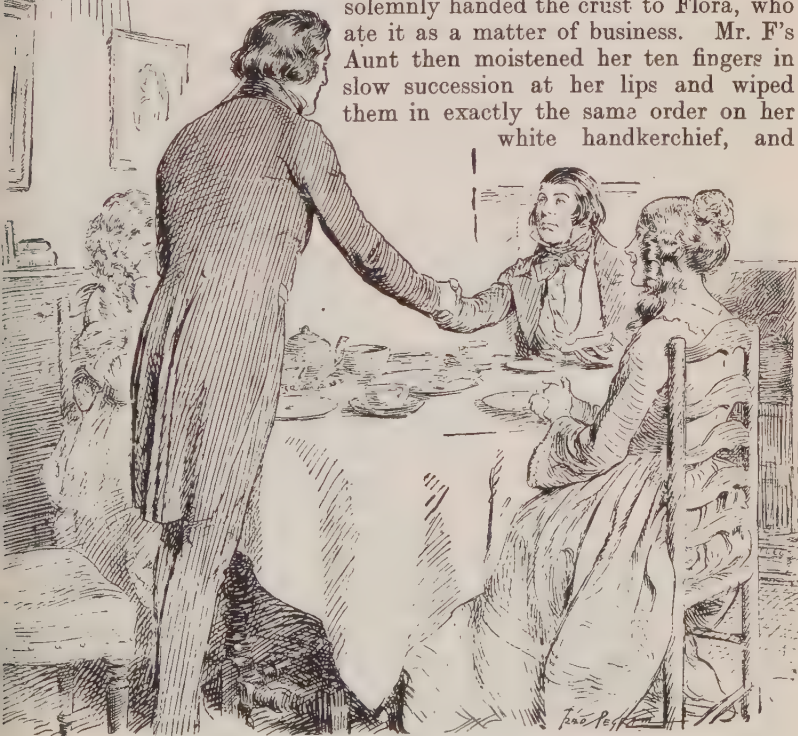
One recalls the Tugby couple on that bitter winter night, blowing and sleeting hard without but warm and cosy within, when they sat over the fire "red enough for ten" with greasy faces. Mr. Tugby says after the meal: "I'm glad to think we had muffins. It's the sort of night that's meant for muffins. Likewise crumpets. Also Sally Lunns," and then he laughed as if someone had tickled him. And, incidentally, what wonderful digestions our forefathers must have had.

Buttered toast also figured at Wemmick's Castle, where Miss Skiffins, in gloves, entrusted the making of a huge haystack of that comestible to the Aged, who, after the meal, might have passed for some clean old chief of a savage tribe just oiled. It was the announcement that there were muffins in the house that caused Mr. Grimwig, calling on Mr. Brownlow, to say he would stay for tea; and Sam Weller's anecdote of the "very pleasant gen'l'm'n" who ordered three shillings' worth o' crumpets for his supper, toasted 'em all, ate 'em all and then blew his brains out, is unforgettable.

The grand tea-drinkin' got up by Mrs. Weller for the benefit of the Shepherd included attractive eatables. "I wish you could ha' seen the Shepherd walkin' into the ham and muffins," said Tony to his son. Tea and muffins was also the refection of which Mr. Venus invited Mr. Wegg to partake, and, it being one of Mr. Wegg's guiding rules of life always to partake, he accepted and partook.

Buttered toast, with the crusts removed in consequence of tender teeth and not too many of 'em, with a new-laid egg or two not biled too hard, were served with the tea at Mrs. Jonas Chuzzlewit's, over which Mrs. Gamp presided. Toast also gave Mr. Bumble the moral if not physical strength necessary for his love-making, for we read that he "drank his tea to the last drop; finished a piece of toast; whisked the crumbs off his knee; wiped his lips (careful man), and deliberately kissed the matron." That meal was also the occasion when Mrs. Corney asked him if he liked his tea "sweet? Mr. Bumble?" "Very sweet indeed, ma'am," was his reply, and a little later, "Any cat or kitten that could live with you, ma'am, and *not* be fond of its home, must be a ass, ma'am." Did he want Mrs. Corney to draw an analogy between his blundering self and a smooth soft domestic cat? If so he was shortly disillusioned, and there is no need, here, to chronicle the change of atmosphere after he was married, as that is well-known.

Another tea accompanied by toast was that at which Arthur Clennam was the guest of Flora Finching and her legacy, Mr. F's Aunt. That old lady was ensconced in an easy chair by the fireside basking in the balmy atmosphere of tea and toast; and when she had eaten a piece of toast down to its crust she solemnly handed the crust to Flora, who ate it as a matter of business. Mr. F's Aunt then moistened her ten fingers in slow succession at her lips and wiped them in exactly the same order on her white handkerchief, and



Fanny Squeers invites John Browdie and 'Tilda to meet Nicholas Nickleby.

then started on another piece of toast. One gathers that her teeth were as tender as those about which Mrs. Gamp was so solicitous.

At Mrs. Pipchin's there was for tea plenty of milk-and-water and bread-and-butter for all, but she regaled herself on unlimited buttered toast brought in hot and hot. Of course, she got rather greasy externally in the process, but it didn't seem to lubricate her internally at all, for she was as fierce as ever.

There is one piece of toast for tea that is as famous as the man who cooked it, as it was not buttered; it may have been intended for buttering by Cap'n Cuttle, who prepared it by piercing the slice of bread with his hook and holding it to the fire, but it never reached the stage of buttering as it blazed and was burnt like fuel while his attention was distracted looking over his shoulder at Walter's shadow on the wall when that lad returned from his shipwreck. Then in his excitement and agitation at the success of his little stratagem the Cap'n placed the blackened toast in his hat and his hat on his head. When it was retrieved its subsequent fate is unknown, but the tea to which Walter, Florence and the Cap'n sat down had no toast served with it.

II.

But we must leave the particular consideration of toast and see what other records worth notice we can find of tea as a meal. One of the best is the occasion when, soon after Nicholas Nickleby's arrival at Dotheboys Hall, Fanny Squeers invited him to take tea in the parlour while her parents were out. It cannot be denied that Nicholas made fearful ravages on the bread-and-butter (not surprising when we remember the habitual short commons in that scholastic establishment) making himself more at home than an usher had ever done in his employer's house since ushers were first invented, and that John Browdie attacked his food with equal vigour, and talked with his mouth full. It was not, however, a very joyous affair, for during the meal John and Nicholas had a misunderstanding, quite in the Pickwickian sense, and then shook hands solemnly over the table, and afterwards "Tilda Price and Fanny Squeers fell out (not, one suspects, for the first time in their lives, for they were always on the look-out for slights); the party broke up with disagreements and a show of temper all round.

That was the skimpy tea that confronted John Browdie when he was a guest. Now see what was provided at the Saracen's Head when he ordered it himself. Restaurants and places where they eat advertise nowadays "Yorkshire Teas," but what Yorkshire Tea could possibly compete with this! The universal furniture of a tea-table, flanked by large joints of roast and boiled, a tongue, a pigeon-pie, a cold fowl, a tankard of ale and other little matters of that kind which are generally understood to belong more particularly to solid lunches, stage-coach dinners, or unusually substantial breakfasts. This meal, like that mentioned in the last paragraph, was followed by a real quarrel, this time between Fanny and Tilda (now Mrs. Browdie); and

John, one supposes to ease his feelings, orders the table to be cleared "and let's have soomat broiled for sooper—very coomfortable and plenty o' it—at ten o'clock. Bring brandy and soom wather and a pair o' slippers." Evidently it would require something in the nature of a convulsion of Nature to disturb his equanimity.

Tea with the Misses Spenlow must, one would think, be something of an ordeal, but when David was courting Dora—under strict regulations—it must have been a lovely time. The practical Miss Clarissa and that great authority on affairs of the heart, Miss Lavinia (whose inamorato had been cut short at about sixty by over-drinking his constitution), sometimes Miss Julia Mills the sentimental, and sometimes Agnes, were present, which probably didn't make things easier in an already rather starchy atmosphere, but nothing mattered to the love-intoxicated David, who ate Dora, drank Dora, dressed (extravagantly) for Dora, had tight, uncomfortable, not to say torturing, boots for Dora, while the birds sang Dora, and the sun shone Dora. It was all Dora. The comestibles on the table were so lost in Dora that they are not mentioned, except that there was sweet seed-cake specially provided, apparently, for Miss Clarissa and Miss Lavinia, who had a birdlike fondness for picking up seeds and pecking at sugar.

Who invented Tea and Shrimps at seaside resorts? It used to be very popular a century ago and was an institution introduced, in the opinion of the present writer, for the benefit of day trippers. The charge used to be ninepence per head, but who standardised it is a mystery. Possibly it was the same genius who first thought of Whitebait Dinners for statesmen at Greenwich. At

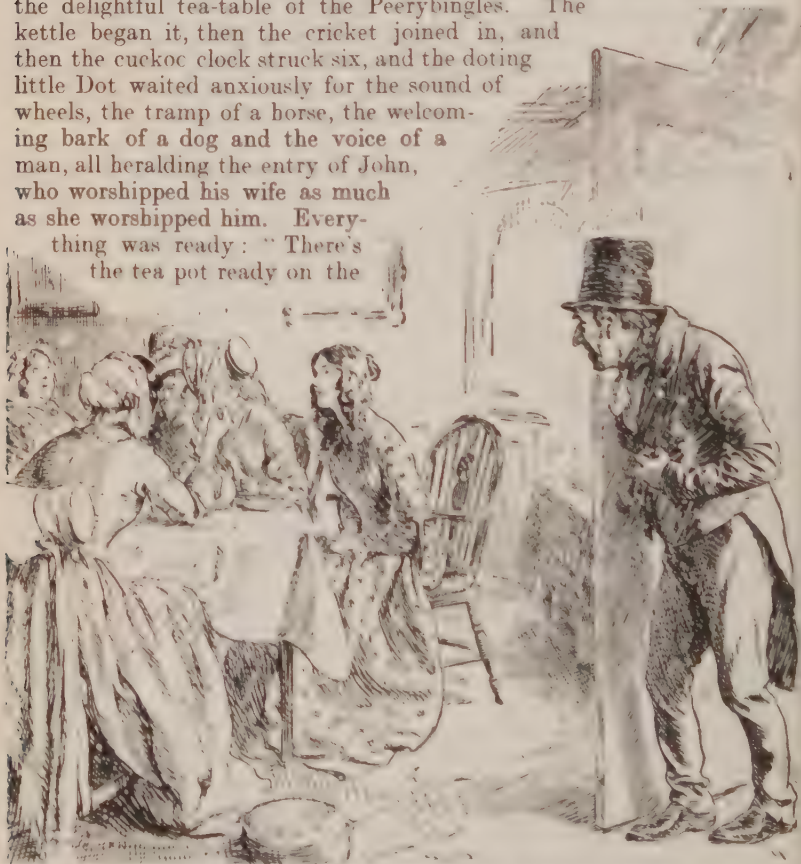


David Copperfield introduces Agnes to Dora and the Misses Spenlow—from "David Copperfield."

any rate, the first mention I can find in Dickens is the Tuggs' first meal in their lodgings at Ramsgate. No doubt Mr. Joseph Tuggs, the retired grocer, felt quite happy and, as he was in the habit of eating pickled salmon with a pocket-knife, his table manners would allow him, without losing caste, to decapitate the shrimps, as he called them, by twisting their heads off at the table without troubling about a table-napkin.

The Quilps' tea-table, when Daniel was absent was also adorned with fresh butter, new bread, shrimps and water-cresses, and the shrimps gave Mrs. Jiniwin the opportunity of showing what she would have done to her late husband if he ever ventured a cross word to her—she twisted off the head of a shrimp with unspeakable vindictiveness. It gives one the impression that she also thought she had Quilp's head in her hand.

As an agreeable change from this ill-tempered scene, let us recall the delightful tea-table of the Peerybingles. The kettle began it, then the cricket joined in, and then the cuckoo clock struck six, and the doting little Dot waited anxiously for the sound of wheels, the tramp of a horse, the welcoming bark of a dog and the voice of a man, all heralding the entry of John, who worshipped his wife as much as she worshipped him. Everything was ready: "There's the tea pot ready on the

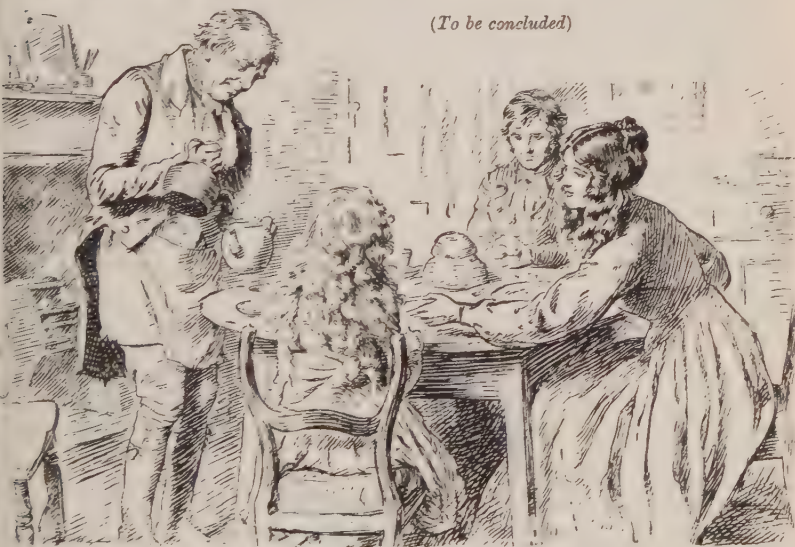


Quilp interrupts his wife's tea party.—"Old Curiosity Shop."

hob; there's the knuckle of ham; and there's the butter; and there's the crusty loaf, and all." What a charming picture of domestic felicity, with John and his wife doing justice to the viands and gossiping over their experiences of the day at the same time—his on the road, hers in the home; with the baby in its basket by the fire tended by Tilly Slowboy, and Boxer lying in front of the warm blaze. There is nothing finer in English literature, or in any literature, I should think, than Dickens's description of this English fireside at tea-time, and one notes with what gusto and personal enjoyment every line of it is penned.

Tea-time at the Gargerys was usually marred by the assertiveness of Mrs. Joe, who, after administering Tickler to Pip, threw him at Joe, who passed him on into the chimney out of reach. Mrs. Joe had a trenchant way of cutting bread-and-butter. She jammed the loaf hard and fast against her bib, where sometimes a pin got into it and sometimes a needle; then she spread a little butter on it as if making a chemist's plaster, slapping and trimming it round the edges; then she sawed off the slice and passed it to Joe or Pip as if it were a ration. Included with this ration was a yellow mug of tea each. Mrs. Joe suspecting that Pip had bolted his solid, then gave him a pint of Tar Water, which some medical beast had recently revived as a fine medicine. Mrs. Joe was indeed a "manager," and she certainly did all she could to sustain her reputation in that respect and to justify her system of "bringin' up by hand."

(To be concluded)



Trotty Veck and his daughter entertain guests.—"The Chimes."

[The charming illustrations accompanying this article are by Fred Pegram, and were originally used as advertisements by the International Stores Ltd., to whom we are indebted for the loan of the blocks.—EDITOR.]

UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES

X.

IN AMERICA 1842

continued

(3) AT THE TREMONT THEATRE, BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29TH, 1842.

[The occasion was the presentation of a piece of plate to Captain Hewitt of the s.s. "Britannia." The following words were spoken as an introduction to the presentation and have never before been included in the Speeches of Dickens. The discovery was made by Mr. E. F. Payne in the "Boston Evening Transcript" for January 31st, 1842. and first reprinted by him in "Dickens Days in Boston."—EDITOR.]

LADIES and Gentlemen, I am assured by your presence here that you have become acquainted with the nature of the welcome duty which I have to discharge and which is most pleasantly commended to me in a double sense, firstly because it cannot fail to be gratifying to a worthy man who has established a strong claim upon my interest and esteem and secondly because it affords me an opportunity of meeting you, whom I have a thousand reasons for loving to see, here, or anywhere.

It may be known to you, perhaps, that passengers on board the Britannia Steamship which bore me and some four score others to these happy shores, held a meeting the day before our arrival, the object of which was to do honour to Captain Hewitt, the able commander, under whose guidance we had crossed the wide Atlantic!

Two gentlemen and myself (one of these gentlemen stands near me and the other is prevented by business from attending here to-day) had the honour to be deputed by that meeting to carry its intention into effect. In the execution of that trust reposed in us, by our fellow passengers, we are most desirous to impress you with the fact that this is very far from being an ordinary matter of course proceeding. That it is not a matter of form but of good stout substance. That in presenting Captain Hewitt with these slight and frail memorials we are not following out a hollow system, but are imperfectly expressing the warmest and most earnest feelings, being well assured that with God's blessing we owe our safety and preservation under circumstances of unusual peril to his ability, courage and skill.

You will please to understand that these tokens on the table are an acknowledgment, not in themselves, but in the feeling which dictates their presentation, of many long and weary nights of watching and fatigue, of great exertion of body and much anxiety of mind: and of prompt and efficient discharge of arduous duties, such as do not often present themselves.

In a word, this is anything but an extraordinary return for extraordinary services: and we wish you to regard it in that light, that our present may have the value that it was intended to bear, and which is far enough removed, Heaven knows, from its intrinsic worth or beauty.

[Here follows the address to Captain Hewitt as usually printed in the Speeches of Charles Dickens.]

RELICTS AND RELICS

By T. KENT BRUMLEIGH

THE widows in Dickens's novels form an important section of his extensive gallery of imaginary portraits. I think I may claim special qualifications for an approach to this subject as the Kent Brumleigh family seems to have specialised in widows.* I, the only male survivor, have had a widowed mother, a widowed step-mother, two widowed grandmothers, an abundance of widowed aunts, widowed great-aunts, widowed cousins, and nieces who may expect in the near future to become widows; no living uncles, no male cousins, and only already-doomed nephews. I therefore consider myself an efficient and experienced if not open-minded judge of widows as a class.

The widows in Dickens are over sixty in number and their variety is amazing; they are drawn from the richest to the poorest classes, and from those who boasted the most pretentious connections to those with none at all. They include the gentlest of loving souls as well as the most forbidding of harridans; some are merely sketched in or only mentioned in passing; others are portraits finished in every particular; whilst still others are given just sufficient detail to allow the reader to complete the picture by imagination. Not a few cause the reader to wish for more details—like Sam's valentine.

Dickens's characters are nothing if they are not alive; they must live for him and they must live for his reader, so he tells us the most intimate details of their lives, their goings-out and their comings-in as Mr. Chadband would say, their means of support, their personal appearance and their clothing—in short nothing is omitted that will help their visualisation. And we know from his letters and from Forster's Life that he constantly went about living the lives he was depicting.

I am sometimes inclined to think that Dickens must have come across some of my relatives a hundred years ago and more, for my great-great-aunt Lavinia Brum-Leigh and her widowed daughter, Goneril Kent, were just such a scheming pair as the Honourable Mrs. Skewton and Edith Granger who eked out a precarious existence on a small jointure and planned and contrived to mingle their blue blood with the parvenu riches of a wealthy merchant—and succeeded, with rather dire results.

Another pair of schemers and intriguers was that bedridden beef-eating Lady Scadgers, nursing a mysterious leg and a bad temper at the same time, with her daughter, Mrs. Sparsit. But their plans did

* One branch of the family, from the Midlands, came in the late eighteenth century from Sally Brum, and another included a banker's widow, Honoria Leigh from Essex, whilst one of our forbears from Canterbury gave us Blanche Kent, the widow of a doctor, Joseph Kent, M.O., G.P., who flourished about the time of Trafalgar. The widow Brum's son made a name for himself (and a fortune) in the iron and steel trade and, becoming a partner in the Bank over which Bulstrode Leigh presided, those branches united and became the Brum-Leighs. The hyphen was removed (before the days of anæsthetics) by Dr. Kent when his son married Blanche's daughter, and so we became the Kent Brumleighs. Although the males in the family all died young they managed to stamp their likenesses on a sufficient number of sons, mostly only sons, to ensure our survival.

not mature. Mrs. Sparsit did not marry the wealthy parvenu, Bounderby. She tried, and took a great interest in his personal history, but she was too premature and poked her nose a little too far into the cupboard where he kept his pet skeleton, Mrs. Pegler (his proud but snubbed and nearly disowned mother), and so she got the sack instead of a husband. Mrs. Sparsit does recall another aunt of mine who had the same hobby, netting, necessitating a curious side-saddle attitude with one foot in a cotton stirrup, that fascinated and fidgetted me as a young boy, for she ambled all the evening till I could have screamed. Many women, whether widows or not, affect needlework of some sort as their recreation, and, as Mrs. Sparsit devoted herself to netting, so Mrs. Heep was a knitting addict; she sat by the fireside on pretence that the warmth was beneficial for her rheumatism, watching with her evil eye everything that took place in the Wickfield household, working away with those Chinese chopsticks of knitting-needles like an ill-looking enchantress.

Mrs. Sparsit shared with Mrs. General (for whom I am happy to say I find no counterpart in my family) a mortal antipathy, due to her gentility, to any mention of the word "income" or "payment" or "salary" or even "remuneration." It would have been an insult to make any reference that their services were paid for. Mrs. Sparsit insisted on Mr. Bounderby calling her money her "annual compliment," and Mrs. General required Mr. Dorrit to make a quarterly payment (behind her back, as it were) to the credit of her account at the bank.

Of course we must all live, and however haughty, however amiable, and however aristocratically connected we may be, we cannot exist without the wherewithal to exist on. Mrs. Gowan had a small pension and apartments (known as "grace and favour" apartments) in Hampton Court Palace, on the strength of her husband's services as a Commissioner of nothing particular somewhere or other; he had died at his post with his drawn salary in his hand nobly defending it to the last extremity. In her way she was as gracious as Lady Tippins and also sported a fan for the purpose of tapping people's arms during conversation—a really horrid habit—but you could not say of her as was said of Lady Tippins, that you could easily buy all you saw of her in Bond Street, or that you might scalp her and peel her and scrape her and yet not penetrate to the genuine article (if there was any genuine article to find). Nor did the use of the fan produce in Mrs. Gowan, who was a comely person, a grisly sound suggestive of the clattering of her bones, as it did with the Tippins. I had a great-grandmother who had many of these attributes, but she was a handsome dame and family tradition says she was as full of sentiment as old Mrs. Wardle and not so deaf, and if her temper was a little uncertain at times she was easily placated with a little attentive kindness, when she usually gave way to what it was at that time the fashion to call a silent gush of tears. Nevertheless she could at a pinch take her place in a country dance especially if she had as charming a partner as Mr. Pickwick.

Still dealing with the question of a decent income, I suppose I ought

not to omit Lady Fareway who was remarkable principally because she managed her own affairs, and did it very well, looked at from her own standpoint of getting the very utmost value for the least expenditure. Certainly I should not have liked to be in such a dependent position as that poor parson, George Silverman, occupied with reference to such a grasping patron.

A good judge of widows must put into his collection of specimens, and "on the line" among his best pieces, Mrs. Maylie, a thoroughly fine exhibit, as she had a sufficient income to enable her to keep two men-servants and a cook and a housemaid. I have no idea how much her income was, but perhaps her nephew, Harry, who was courting her daughter, had a pretty good notion. Let us leave it at that.

I am glad that my ancestry does not reveal any parallel to the talkative Mrs. Finching, nor one quite so coy, in an elderly manner, of course, or one quite so dependent on what are euphemistically called "creature comforts" of a liquid nature—nothing extreme but just enough to render one always happy and contented, let us say mellow. Perhaps my aunt Sophy had certain resemblances to Mrs. Nickleby, another talkative old party, as she wore a cap and a tight sort of berth or cape, but whether for warmth or appearance's sake I could never make out. As a small boy I considered her a dreadful bore, but no doubt I was prejudiced, and her gossip like that of Mrs. Finching, or Mrs. Nickleby, interested the grown-ups. Wouldn't it be rather fun to shut up in one room, with a tea-tray properly furnished, these two ladies together with Mrs. Lirriper (another garrulous party) and see who lasted the longest? Would their united efforts have the same effect on the walls of the room as the united shouts and trumpet blasts of Joshua's troops had on the walls of Jericho?

As I have mentioned Mrs. Lirriper, a landlady, I am reminded of a second cousin, a widow who kept a boarding house, who was more successful in her hunt than Mrs. Bardell, in that she secured her man. But then her methods were different. She was as buxom and comfortable-looking as Mrs. Bardell, and as attractive as Mrs. Lupin, and as able (but better educated as she could sign her name in full) as the Billickin; and not nearly so acid as Mrs. Pipchin, who in spite of her forbidding exterior and a disciplinary habit of frightening little boys, liked nice things to eat (with a preference for hot buttered toast, sweetbreads, and such-like palate-ticklers). My family connection, whose name, by the way, was Beatrice (meaning blessed, as indeed she was), did not resemble Mrs. Todgers, who may be regarded as a widow *de jure* if not *de facto*, for she was never harassed by her boarders, or worried with as many household duties (or if she was she did not shew it), mainly of a cleansing description, as Mrs. MacStinger, nor as forceful; she would have put to shame such a shocking cook as Mrs. Crupp; nor did she suffer from "spazzums" at least not to our knowledge.

I think it is worth while to note how long Dickens allows many of the widows to live after their bereavement, some with pleasant memories, some in constant struggle against poverty and adversity, and some without repining whilst engaged in making both ends meet.

Here are the longest records : Mrs. Pipchin fought the world for forty years and so did Mrs. Pegler and Mrs. Rouncewell, Mrs. Lirriper had done so for nearly as long, Mrs. Corney had a twenty-five years rest before undertaking to tame Mr. Bumble, Mrs. Gamp had drowned her sorrows (in gin) for twenty years, Mrs. Miff had cultivated her thirst for shillings and sixpences for the same length of time. Flora Finching became coy but not shy after eighteen years as a widow, Mrs. Steerforth had nursed her pride for sixteen years, Mrs. Sparsit had spent fourteen years ambling in her cotton stirrup, Mrs. Skewton played at Cleopatra for more than twelve years, her daughter Edith exhibited haughtiness for ten years before her second "sale," and Mrs. General practised "Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, especially prunes and prism" for ten years. Mrs. Crisparkle had been widowed "for many years," and Mrs. Lupin had discarded "weeds" and burst out into flowers "many years ago."

I saw a paragraph in an evening paper a few weeks ago reporting that a woman described herself in the police court as a "widow waiting for a chance to get married again." It recalled a connection of mine (one of the Kents before they were linked to the Brum-Leighs) who managed to entice three successive husbands and outlived them all.

Some of Dickens's widows were born fishers of men; such were Mrs. MacStinger, who after frightening Cap'n Cuttle nearly to death, married the redoubtable Bunsby by main force, aided and abetted by Mrs. Bokum, who willingly witnessed the sacrifice, as it was her opinion that men seldom knew what blessings wives were till they had lost them. I suppose (but the record is silent on the point) that on that auspicious morning Mrs. MacStinger had prepared for that important occasion by administering the usual battery of slaps to Alexander and had afterwards sat him on the cold pavement as a powerful restorative. Dear Mrs. General was suspected by Fanny Dorrit of having designs on her papa; Mrs. Sparsit might have hooked Bounderby had she not been too precipitate; and although the reader never knew Mrs. Susan Clarke as a widow we see quite a lot of her as the wife of Tony Weller (both of them were "second wentur's") and much as she may have left to be desired in her marital capacity it must be recorded that after her death Tony said that "upon the whole I was sorry she was gone"—a touching tribute from such a man. I've always suspected, from my extensive knowledge of marriageable and marrying relatives, that in spite of Tony's own account of his courting, Mrs. Clarke must have given him some encouragement, to put it mildly, on the occasions when his profession caused him to call in at the Marquis of Granby.

From this same experience I am of opinion that Mrs. Lupin, in her position as the landlady of the Blue Dragon, must have given Mark Tapley reason to know that he was not unattractive to her, or he would not have been quite so free with his embraces on his return from America; at any rate, her voice trembled when she referred to his long absence, and when she recognised him she was quite content to represent England when he said: "I'm a-kissing my country." I feel equally certain that Mrs. Corney, long before the celebrated scene of Bumble's

proposal, had already decided to marry him ; as Serjeant Buzfuz said in another connection " the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work " ; it only wanted the sight of the teaspoons, the sugar-tongs, and the silver milk-pot to set it off.

I also hold the conviction that Mrs. Rachael must have escaped from her widowhood by doing the courting of the Reverend Mr. Chadband—much too great a man to have a Christian name—for she was a stern, severe-looking woman and would not attract such an oleaginous sermoniser as Chadband unless he had some encouragement. Encouragement is the breath of life to a preacher of his type. Cannot you hear him soliloquising ? " Whom do I see before me ? Is it a woman ? It is. Do I want to get married ? I do. If I ask her to marry me, will she ? She will. Will she look after my creature comforts ? She MUST. I'll risk it."

It seems almost certain that Mrs. Jarley the comfortable should be included among the widows who *wish* to be married again or she would not have been united to George, who after all was only employed to look after the horses and make himself generally useful in the outside work—he had nothing to do with the internal arrangements of the Wax Work itself. Perhaps as Mrs. Jarley got older she felt the need of someone to lean on and that it is better to " bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

I wonder why boarding houses are such happy hunting grounds for match-makers. Or do I ? I recall at once Mrs. Bloss and Mrs. Maplesone, so contrasted and yet " sisters under the skin." Not certainly cases of once bitten twice shy, but rather of appetite grows with eating. Mrs. Bloss, a rich uneducated vulgarian fond of big words " living in retirement and obtrusion " and suffering (?) from imaginary illness brought on by unwise and extravagant diet, got hold of a complaining hypochondriac also full of imaginary ailments. Serve her right ! Did Mrs. Maplesone know Mrs. Bloss ? They inhabited the same boarding house. She was a rather superior person, or thought herself so, and was a self-immolated martyr on the altar of duty, for, in spite of being awarded £1,000 for a breach of promise, she was still willing to marry again if it would benefit her daughters. How thoughtful and how disinterested ! But yet she was not so successful as Mrs. Bloss. Perhaps that breach of promise acted as an effectual barrier.

Speaking of match-makers, was there ever such a pair of inveterate match-makers as Mrs. Nubbles and Barbara's mother ? Both were very hard-working women who had a trouble to make ends meet, but they were very contented with their lot and managed to get a good deal of happiness out of their lives. Their match-making had the merit of being modest in aspiration and successful in execution, for Kit did finally marry Barbara and we are assured by Dickens that they lived happy ever after, accompanied by the two mothers who were a most harmonious pair of friends from that time forth.

Mrs. Bardell, who nearly got Mr. Pickwick against his will, must be included among the designing widows as well as Mrs. Bloss and Mrs. Maplesone, although she did not get anything out of her scheming

except an unpleasant night in the Fleet. Still that was better than the fate of Ophelia, who most foolishly committed suicide at not getting Hamlet—a fate very succinctly put by Gilbert when he wrote :

“ When she found he wouldn't wed her,
In a river in a medder
Took a header and a deader
Was Ophelia.”

Age is no bar to ambition, as indeed it should not be, and an old lady in an almshouse, Mrs. Mitts, managed to attract an aged Greenwich Pensioner, but although this example of patience rewarded caused the other inmates of the almshouse, Mrs. Quinch and Mrs. Saggars, to smarten themselves up, there is no record of their success. Other inmates of almshouses, but without matrimonial aspirations, were Mrs. Mell and her friend, Mrs. Fibbetson, but the records of them are so slight that it is impossible to draw any reliable conclusions. Mrs. Mell had an amiable side to her character ; she could cook eggs and bacon and she liked music, but she evidently did not share the prejudices of Rossini who once said that he could only think of one worse thing than a solo on the flute and that was a duet for two flutes.

I cannot lay claim to have anyone in my family quite so pride-ridden as Mrs. Steerforth, with all her affections centred in one spoiled son, or Mrs. Rouncewell, whose pride was divided between her spoilt son and her aristocratic employers, or Mrs. Woodcourt who, having spent her all on the education of her spoilt son, had to swallow her pride and see him married to Esther Summerson after boasting of her descent from Morgan-ap-Kerrig while her husband came from the MacCoorts of MacCoort ; or Mrs. Tapkins who always provided music for her At Home days—so reformed, you know ; or Mrs. Crisparkle, who lost six sons before she had a chance of spoiling the seventh. (By the way, I wonder if that dear old lady knew more about the mystery of Edwin Drood than has yet been allowed to come out.)

Mrs. Heep had pride, in a fashion, for there is no doubt she spoilt Ury, badly as he turned out. And how she revered her husband's memory. How different was Mrs. Miff's method of shewing her grief. They both wore “ weeds ” for years, but whereas Mrs. Heep liked to recall her husband's participation of glory, Mrs. Miff would rather not allude to hers and hoped he “ may be gone upwards but couldn't positively say so.”

It has never been my family's fortune, or misfortune, to have a mother-in-law imposed on any of our young married couples, but instances can be found of this arrangement in Dickens. What a vivid picture he gives of the household of Doctor Strong where the Old Soldier Mrs. Markleham does what she can for her own kith and kin by working on the warm heart of her son-in-law, nearly as old as herself. A genuine sponger. Shouldn't we like to know what were Quilp's real feelings towards his mother-in-law, Mrs. Jiniwin ; he teased her and bullied her in return for her detestation of him which was quite genuine. She was, however, unable to stir up real strife between Mrs. Quilp and her husband as

the timid little Betsy said "he has such a way with him when he likes that the best-looking woman here couldn't refuse him if I was dead and he chose to make love to her." Then there was Mrs. Bigby with her small independence, but not quite enough to live on, hence her ruling the household of Mr. Meek and her ordering him out of his own house as if the baby just born had nothing to do with him at all. And we must not forget Mrs. Guppy, whose small independence was just enough for her to share her son's lodgings. She would have liked to have been a match-maker and it was a pity she became so vulgar and abusive when her schemes for his union with Esther Summerson came to nought. I must confess that I admire her motherly pride in her son's accomplishments.

Few women, even in these days when members of the fair sex undertake all sorts of responsible jobs in business and government concerns, attain to the capabilities of Mrs. Clennam, and fewer still, it must be hoped, if not admitted, would stoop to such meannesses as characterised that remarkable creature. Fancy concealing a legacy as Mrs. Clennam did. Even Lady Fareway, an equally capable woman, would not, I feel sure, have demeaned herself to a fraud. Besides, Lady Fareway was never under the thumb of an underling as Mrs. Clennam allowed herself to be under the thumb of Flintwinch and Blandois (of the many names). But then Lady Fareway was handsome and well-preserved whilst Mrs. Clennam had a hard stern face with cold gray eyes. Other contrasts occur to me, but this is not the place to enlarge on them.

Another of the world's hard workers was Betty Higden, one of the most successful character-studies in a book that is exceptionally rich in well-drawn portraits. Where shall we find the equal of Betty in indomitable courage? Nowhere else in Dickens can I find one who faces hardship with the same constancy and for so small a reward, merely that the two or three pounds sewn up in her dress shall be sufficient to save her from being put in a pauper's grave.

Every large family, like my own, that specialises in widows, can furnish examples of widows who derive a certain fictitious credit because their husbands, like the man who, having given his silly-sounding name to Mrs. Pipchin, failed in life quite handsomely. She rather prided herself on the fact that Mr. Pipchin had broken his heart pumping water out of the Peruvian mines, which is a euphemistic way of saying that he lost his all in the speculation. If Mrs. Pipchin could eke out an existence by keeping a boarding establishment, she is entitled to what little credit can be got from the rash experiments of her husband, in memory of whom she wore black bombazine for over forty years. If she developed a stooping figure, a mottled face like mad marble, and a hard gray eye (like Mrs. Clennam's) it is no wonder, and probably when Mr. Pipchin wooed her she was not so ill-favoured nor so ill-conditioned, but had an upright figure, a clear skin and a soft gray eye (perhaps even blue, as eyes change colour with the passing of years).

It was very likely a similar fate of being left unprovided for that

caused Mrs. Wackles to have a rather venomous temper, and to have to open a small day school for young ladies of proportionate dimensions. She probably had little education herself and therefore made her curriculum very inclusive of all those things that she had missed; she had also given her own three daughters a good grounding. Think of it; English grammar, composition, geography, use of the dumb-bells, writing, arithmetic, dancing, general fascination, needlework, marking, and samplery—all the accomplishments of polite education demanded for girls of the better class a century or more ago. Mrs. Wackles's daughters were roped in as teachers while she reserved for herself the office of chief torturer, no doubt living up to her name; I expect the back-board was a good deal in use—let us hope with discretion.

Mrs. Nickleby had recollections of an improvident husband, but her misfortunes were brought about largely by her own doing. She compelled, or if she did not compel, she nagged, him with her ceaseless and insequent talk, talk, talk, to speculate not only with his, but also with her property, and had the doubtful consolation of outliving the disappointed man with a continual "I told you so" ever on her lips. It was indeed a happy release for Mr. Nickleby.

Mrs. Fielding made it a sort of virtue to allude darkly to the fact that if something had happened in the indigo trade different from what did happen she would have been left much better off to preen herself with her genteel connections. The implication is, of course, that her husband had not listened to her advice, and no doubt because her advice was not taken, that accounted for her being querulous and peevish. Oh, dear!

The gentle reader may think I have not yet done Mrs. Lirriper justice, but who could overlook that good-tempered and hard-working woman, wearing her wedding ring quite smooth and thin during long years of hard work to clear off the debts which were her only legacy? She must have been a pattern landlady for her boarders stayed with her for years, and I always wonder why Major Jackson did not marry her.

What a contrast is Mrs. Crupp, whose only claim to being a house-keeper was an ability amounting to genius to order everything from the cook's shop already prepared, and then to serve it, very often without the usual condiments. She said she was a mother herself and she said she yearned to be a mother to David Copperfield, but I suspect that if he had remained with her he might very probably have finished in the cemetery from an attack of her motherliness.

If my readers have had sufficient patience to pursue this subject with me so far they will be able to find among their acquaintance ladies, if not widows, of whom my next two examples are types. Mrs. Briggs, with her two daughters, and Mrs. Taunton with three daughters on her hands and two sons in good positions. Mrs. Briggs and Mrs. Taunton were quite good friends, but between them existed also a rivalry compared with which that between the Montagues and the Capulets was mild. I wish we knew more of these two ladies as I should like to learn the outcome of the competition, but it's a dis-

appointing world sometimes. I should also like to know more of Mrs. Coiler and Mrs. Brandley, who are, unfortunately, only vaguely portrayed. Mrs. Coiler toadied to the Pockets and Mrs. Brandley was a friend of Miss Havisham to whom the Pockets were related. Did these two widowed ladies ever meet? If they did they must have exhibited signs of jealousy for that was the besetting vice of all Miss Havisham's connections.

What did Mrs. Murdstone (formerly Copperfield) die of? Was it a "broken heart," or was it in the ordinary course of nature? If her heart was broken, what broke it? She was of the tender-flower description sheltering from the buffets of the world, after eight or nine years of widowhood, under a great oak tree—Mr. Edward Murdstone. (Or was he an iron post to which she was chained?) He never ill-treated her; he was in his way gentle with her, although firm, a quality on which he prided himself and tried to inculcate in her. I think it must have been Jane of the iron shackles and the hard steel purse, but I must leave the puzzle for cleverer heads than mine. All I can say is that Betsey Trotwood loved her and hated him, and Betsey's instinct could generally be relied on.

I find I have not yet mentioned a widow who recalls one of my revered relatives (from the Brums before they united with the Leighs). I refer to Mrs. Gummidge. My relative lost her husband as tragically in a coal-pit accident as Mrs. Gummidge lost hers in a storm at sea, but whereas my great-great-aunt shewed the utmost resignation and cheerfulness, it took years and a long voyage to Australia to bring out the sterling qualities of Mrs. Gummidge's heart, although the alteration from peevishness and complaint of being a "lone lorn creetur" to becoming the "willingest, trewest, honestest-helping woman as ever drewed the breath of life" was something sudden. It appears to have started when Mr. Peggotty made up his mind to emigrate and leave her behind with an allowance.

There is one widow for whom I can find no counterpart in my wide-spread family tree, but that is not surprising when one realises that no one ever existed and I doubt if one could ever exist who would or could reach the sublime heights and divine stature of Mrs. Gamp. Her name was Sarah; Sairey to her friends, but no one except Mrs. Harris ever called her so, and we only have Mrs. Gamp's own statement for this; even the impudent Betsey Prig, about whose widowhood there is some doubt, only addressed her as Sairah. Dickens loved her; to him she was a goddess to be worshipped and yet so full of human frailties as to be as alive as our nearest neighbour; she possessed his whole soul while he was writing about her and often afterwards, and he even invented a special dialect for her exclusive use. She also had an atmosphere of her own, for her advent was generally preceded by a peculiar fragrance borne upon the breeze as if a passing fairy had hiccoughed and had previously been to a wine-vaults "and it was difficult to enjoy her society without becoming conscious of a smell of spirits."

This survey of the widows must take in a few of whom only outlines

appear. We are bound to wish for more, as the few details given seem to point to great possibilities in most of the instances. Such are Mrs. Budger, the attractive little cause of Winkle's abortive duel; Mrs. Parkins, the Temple laundress who had married the porter; Dame West, who accused the poor schoolmaster (who would not hurt a fly) of killing her grandson with over-education; Mrs. Tickit, who was cook and housekeeper when the Meagles's were at home and housekeeper only when they were away; Mrs. Bedwin, whose faith in *Oliver Twist* was so well founded; Mrs. Tisher, whose claim to gentility was grounded on the fact of her having married a hairdresser; Sally Flanders, whose correct behaviour at her husband's funeral gave her such a wonderful reputation in her circle of friends; Mrs. Starling, who lost her husband and all account of time at the same moment; Mrs. Mann, a protector of children whose skill in management was so great that she managed (perhaps with a little unkindness) to get a profit out of the sevenpence-halfpenny per child per week that she received from the parish for the keep of her youthful charges; Mrs. Sarah Goldstraw of the Foundling, and Mrs. Evans, or Ivins, of whom we know nothing at all.

Comparing the obscure widows of all ages in my own family with the widows in Dickens's work I am filled with admiration at his rare skill and insight and his profound knowledge of human nature; they have provided us with unforgettable portraits of living individuals, not of mere puppets. Each widow lives with a distinctive personality. It is much cleverer than the feat of Mr. Smangle's friend's imitation of four cats in the wheelbarrow, "four distinct cats, sir, I pledge you my honour," for here we have more than sixty separate and distinct personalities whose characters arise in our minds whenever their names are mentioned.

Poor Sally Brum, poor Aunt Sophy: your shadowy selves, real as you are to me, are far outshone by the vivid but fictitious persons whose characteristics have been the subject of this paper.

UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES*

MR. ARTHUR MACHEN does himself an injustice by describing the book he has so ably edited as "the very essence of Charles Dickens." This might lead the casual observer to believe that here is the whole of Dickens distilled into the compass of a handy volume. We have had this sort of thing before and found it lacking all essential flavour. But here is the real thing; representative samples of the fancy goods lines dealt in by the uncommercial traveller for the great firm of Human Interest Bros.; one or more example from each work; but not like what we have seen before; there is no Bob Sawyer's Party, no Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig fall-out; no David Copperfield and the waiter. We commend Mr. Machen for his daring, and thank him for introducing to the great public that is waiting for a handy Dickens a very choice selection of our author's genius, which is not so well known.

Mr. Machen has written an admirable introduction of ten pages which will have the effect of inducing the reader to go slap through the volumes, as Silas Wegg might say.

* "A Handy Dickens," Selected and Introduced by Arthur Machen. 8s. 6d. Constable.

MORE LETTERS TO THE WATSONS

BY FRANKLIN P. ROLFE

AMONG the unpublished Dickens letters in the Huntington Library at San Marino, California, are thirty-one addressed to his dear friends, the Honourable Richard and Mrs. Watson, of Rockingham Castle, Northamptonshire. The correspondence with the Watsons is so lively and intimate that it is desirable to complete it so far as possible, though the letters to be printed here are, of course, more interesting when they are dovetailed into those already published.

The Watsons were rich, well-born, charming, sympathetic, and hospitable. It is small wonder that Dickens should have delighted to visit them in their fine old castle, which had been bequeathed to Richard Watson in 1836 by his eldest brother, the third Lord Sondes. The Hon. Richard Watson, the fourth son of the second Baron Sondes, was born on January 6th, 1800. He married, December 21st, 1839, Lavinia Jane, the daughter of Lord George Quin (second son of the first Marquis of Headfort) and Lady Georgiana Charlotte Spencer (daughter of the second Earl Spencer). Dickens first became intimate with them (as well as with Haldimand and the Cerjats, often mentioned in these letters) during his stay at Lausanne in the summer and autumn of 1846.

In November of 1846 Dickens went to Paris for several months, and there he wrote the first of the letters we publish here. Charles Sheridan, grandson of the dramatist and brother of Lady Dufferin, Lady Seymour, and Mrs. Norton, was an old acquaintance of Dickens's and at this time an attaché in the embassy at Paris. A note to Sheridan, making the appointment referred to here, may be found in the Nonesuch edition of the *Letters* (Vol. I, p. 824, December 29th, 1846).

48 Rue de Courcelles.

New Year's Day 1847.

My Dear Watson,

I have had a note from Sheridan this morning, telling me that he is obliged to go, this afternoon, with Lord Normanby to the King: and proposing to change our dinner appointment to tomorrow. As I think it not unlikely that you may be glad of a day's rest, I write this to say that if you have no engagement for tomorrow, I will come to Meurice's at a quarter to three, and tell you at what hour we propose to dine at the Trois Frères—instead of coming today. But in case you should have any other plan for tomorrow, pray let me know this morning, as in that case you and I can still dine together today, and go to the Theatre afterwards.

I shall remain at home, in case you should send for, or fetch me: being wholly at your disposal, and always

Very faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

The Watsons were always much interested in Dickens's theatrical ventures, and tried to see him in as many of his public appearances as possible. The plays referred to in the following notes were "The

Merry Wives of Windsor" and Mrs. Inchbald's "Animal Magnetism," given on May 15th, and "Every Man in his Humour" and James Kenney's "Love, Law and Physic," given on May 17th, in aid of the Fund for the Endowment of a Perpetual Curatorship of Shakespeare's House.

Haymarket Theatre.

Monday Afternoon

Fifteenth May 1848.

My Dear Watson,

I enclose you the last place left. You will observe that one of the cards is for tonight; the other, for Wednesday. I am delighted that you are coming, and hope you may like it all.

With best regards,

Ever Faithfully Yours

C. D.

The Hon Richard Watson.

Haymarket

Wednesday afternoon

[17th May, 1848].

Dear Mrs. Watson

I write in a ferocious state of business and botheration—Glad you are coming to see the farce, but sorry it is not *Animal Magnetism*—I have spoken with the box book-keeper who has suggested your bringing the enclosed, instead of a card. There is some confusion about the private boxes, and they don't exactly know which are let. Ever Cordially Yours

The wretched Manager.

The gift mentioned in the next letter may be one of Mrs. Watson's own drawings. At Lausanne she had made a sketch of the villa, Rosemont, which Dickens gave to Forster and which Forster reproduced in his biography. The Christmas book was *The Haunted Man*. Mrs. Watson's brother was the Honourable Captain (later Rear-Admiral) Richard Robert Quin, who afterwards took part in the private theatricals at Rockingham.

Devonshire Terrace,

Fifth October 1848.

My Dear Mrs. Watson,

I write this hasty note to tell you that I can't tell you what pleasure it gave me, on coming home from Broadstairs the night before last, to find that welcome mark of your remembrance awaiting me—and to hang it forthwith on the staircase—where I esteem it, believe me, as a very precious possession, and look at it when I go up and down, with the double gratification that attaches to it as a thing of delightful association, and as a most beautiful and faithful little work of art. I am quite charmed with it, and could be sentimental here (and would) but in a tender regard and consideration for you.

I wonder what will come of the Christmas book! I have entered on the first stage of its composition this morning, which is,

sitting frowning horribly at a quire of paper, and falling into a state of inaccessibility and irascibility which utterly confounds and scares the house. The young family peep at me through the bannisters as I go along the hall; and Kate and Georgina quail (almost) when I stalk by them.

What if I were to go to the Great St. Bernard, and get snowed up from mankind! I shall carry the picture with me, if I am driven to that extremity, and, standing on the shore of that Lake comparing it with the original, will recall that bright morning when we were all laughing there, together.

I had a very cordial letter from your brother the other day—which looked hot and thirsty in the very paper. I lost no time in writing him an answer, in which I propounded various enquiries to him about the Blacks as a species. When I receive his reply, I shall enter on a few other speculations.

Accept our affectionate remembrances, and convey them to your good husband, whose very sincere friend, and yours, believe me I am always.

Charles Dickens

The following note about Sunday may refer to one of those exhibitions of mesmerism which fascinated Dickens. On Tuesday, the 13th (the letter is misdated), he witnessed the public execution of the Mannings, about which he wrote the well-known letter to "The Times."

Devonshire Terrace

Wednesday Night.

Thirteenth November 1849.

My Dear Mrs Watson,

Many thanks for the enclosed. I have "made a note" (Captain Cuttle like) of the Eton particulars, and beg you to thank Mr James, cordially, in my name, for them.

I am glad "the other and the worse half" of your estimable self was interested on Sunday. I have seen stranger things since, whereat my hair is even now standing on end.

Ever Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Only fragments of the next letter have been published. *David Copperfield* was, as is well known, dedicated to the Watsons.

Devonshire Terrace

Third July 1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson

I have been endeavouring to tighten the screws of my head, in Paris. They become a little loosened about the twenty second of each month, by hard work; and change I find to be the best oil and most efficient restoration.

This is the reason of my not having written sooner, to thank you for the transmission of that fortuitous document. By what earthly means it ever got into that table drawer, I cannot conceive. The wonder of the matter is, that Coutts's were certain they had sent it to me at Rockingham, and I was certain they had not; so,

after a little amicable discussion of the matter, they decided that the fault was theirs. I must now assure them that it was mine; though I have not, and never had, the faintest remembrance of having ever opened the paper. I must have been laughing or doing something ridiculous, I suppose, instead of minding what I was about.

The Cannings were here one evening, a few weeks ago, accompanied by a young gentleman whom I rather suspected of being desperate on the pretty daughter. (I am sorry to observe, by the bye, that her nose will soon be too sharp.)

Tell Watson with my love that I am in a very despondent state of mind about Peel's death. He was a man of mark, who could be ill-spared from that great Dust Heap down at Westminster. When I think of the joy of the D'Israelis, Richmonds, and other Imposters and Humbugs, I think of flying to Australia and taking to the Bush.—What do you think of entering into the scheme, asking Haldimand to join us, and founding a settlement to be called the Paradox?

Every one is cheering David on, and I hope to make your book a good one. I like it very much myself—thoroughly believe it all—and go to work every month with an energy of the fieriest description. I hope you like Miss Martineau's Story, The Health and Sickness of Blaeburn, in Household Words.

We have taken a house at Broadstairs, whither we shall transport the children early in August, and ourselves when our troubles are over. We intend remaining there until the end of October, for I want to finish David quietly, on the great seashore.

After that, if I were asked to come to Rockingham, there is no knowing how long I should stay!—

Kate and Georgy unite with me in best remembrances and loves to all, and I am ever with great truth

My Dear Mrs Watson

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

In November of 1849 Dickens had been at Rockingham and organised some impromptu private theatricals which were so much enjoyed that he agreed to return the next year for a more elaborate production. After being postponed, three plays, "Used Up," by Dion Bouceault and Charles Mathews, "A Day after the Wedding, or A Wife's First Lesson," by Mrs. Charles Kemble (Marie Thérèse De Camp), and Mrs. Inchbald's "Animal Magnetism," were finally presented on January 15th, 1851. The next nine letters refer to this undertaking. At the same time Dickens was managing the production of "Every Man in his Humour," given at Bulwer-Lytton's home, Knebworth, on November 18th, 19th, and 20th. Miss Mary Boyle, a distant cousin of Mrs. Watson's, was an accomplished amateur actress and a close friend of Dickens. She and her brother, Captain Cavendish Boyle, acted parts in all three of the plays. In the end Charles Dickens, Jun., was the Tiger and Captain Quin played Mr. Fennel in "Used Up."

Broadstairs

First October 1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson

I have made minute enquiries into the construction and dimensions of Mr Hewitt's Theatre, and I think I now understand it—for the first time. It cannot be used in part, it seems, but must be set up, altogether,—I mean the scenic part—and that is, unhappily, too large for your rooms, being, at the smallest, twenty feet high. In depth and width it would exactly do,—precisely do,—but its height appears to be altogether fatal to any idea of using it at Rockingham. It must be set up as it is made, because what we stage managers professionally call the “rollers of the cloths”—that is, the piece of wood on which each scene that drops, winds and unwinds itself, requires its own particular support and place. In short it is a perfect little mechanical structure, of which one part cannot be used without another. The different pieces screw and fit like cabinet-work, and fill a waggon !

In right of my trusteeship for all the strolling actors in England, I know a good many strange people in the vagabond way, who would do anything in an honest direction to please me. If the worst came to the worst, I think I know three scenes (we should hardly want more) that I last heard of in the Marketplace at Uxbridge, and which are perpetually travelling about to Fairs and small Theatres—which I could lay hold of, and bring down, to be erected by our own ingenuity. But I think I have a better idea still. One Nathan, in Titchbourne Street Haymarket, a “costume-maker,” has dressed all my company's plays—dresses Every Man in His Humour, and Animal Magnetism—and goes to Knebworth with us. He is a Jew, but for a Jew a very respectable man indeed. He has scenery, expressly for rooms and country houses, I know ; and it strikes me, all at once, that he would fit you up a little boudoir stage and take it away again, with great ease, very neatly, and at small cost. If you would like to know further about him (which I don't at all assume without hearing from you) I would send him down to you bodily by Railroad, and you could judge for yourself, and he could judge for himself directly. He stands in great awe of my managerial ferocity (of which he has had great experience) and would be as quiet and tractable as any Lamb.

Understand ; when I use the word “Stage,” I merely mean a curtain, scene-lights, and scenes. Nothing else.

I am turning over all sorts of things in my mind, to see whether Miss Boyle and I couldn't do something particularly applicable to the farmers, on the second night—something in the agricultural line, with a country boy and girl in it.

Ever Dear Mrs. Watson

Most Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

I expect Bulwer to emigrate, before his play takes place. He is building a stage, and taking appalling steps.

Broadstairs

Tuesday Night

Eighth October 1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson,

I have a moment, after the receipt of yours and before the going out of the night's post, to say how grieved I feel by what you tell me.

Don't think of our project until you can do so pleasantly, except to remember that I shall make no sort of engagement for the turn of the year, after Christmas, until I know at what time I shall come to you. At your full convenience and comfort, tell me. I have not the least necessity to know it until you have dismissed this sad care from your mind.

Believe me, nothing is indifferent to me that moves you. I should be a worse friend, and a more easily made one than I hope I am, else.

Kind regards,

In great haste

Ever Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Devonshire Terrace

Thursday Night.

Twenty Eighth November 1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson,

We joyfully book ourselves for the 8th of January in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight hundred and fifty one.

In reference to your kind invitation of "some person or persons unknown," I should be very glad to do any feasible thing to assist our project. If I were to ask anybody, for such a purpose, Mr Lemon would be, by many degrees, and out of all comparison, the best. But, besides that he is much engaged and has just come back from Knebworth, and besides a little awkwardness that I should feel in exactly knowing how to set about it (though he is a most agreeable and good humoured creature, and perfectly devoted to his manager) I don't know that you have anything for him to do. He always plays La Fleur in Animal Magnetism, and you know we already have Miss Boyle's brother for that. He is much too good an actor, and too used to act with me in that sort of relation, to be put into a smaller or less difficult part and Mr Forster has no comedy in him and Mr Leech would be (in a room, which they are not used to, hardly more valuable in the Marquess than the Mysterious Stranger whom Miss Boyle used darkly to hunt at, in various quires of note paper that passed between us last October and concerning whom, I believe you and she had some correspondence? But I should not have the least objection to trying to impress Mr Lemon, if we could use him (theatrically speaking) according to his wont. And whether he could come or no, I would discover straightway, if our plans led us to that.

Now, I don't want to frighten you, but I am pretty well used to these things, and as I know you will give me credit for understanding them from experience, I think it right to say—

That, if we are to have a creditable Play, on the 13th of

January, it will be necessary at once to complete all the arrangements for it—to know what is to be acted—and to cast all the parts—and to send them out to the people who are to play—and to leave nothing to chance.

—That such arrangements as the construction of the little Theatre, and especially the lighting of it, would require my looking into, in the closest manner, now, or they would never be done at last. You have no idea what a perfect little machine anything remotely approaching to a Theatre must be, in all respects of careful and provident arrangement, or how monstrously absurd it becomes, and what a ridiculous failure. If I were to tell you what I did at Knebworth, you would hardly believe that so much care for minute things could be necessary; and though we do it, comparatively, as a mere Christmas game at Rockingham, the same care is necessary (or more necessary) to make the lesser means tell for their utmost worth. And if all this were arranged within the next fortnight, the drills at Rockingham, between the 8th and the 13th in the Rehearsal way, would be something utterly astounding and bewildering to all unused beholders!

Into all this, I am ready to plunge with the utmost rapture and vehemence, and with a more than British constancy of purpose—and I have no doubt of the ultimate astonishment of the dazzled and delighted neighbourhood—but, there is no time to lose in settling all the preliminaries; and, before they are settled, I say thus much about them to shew you what a serious piece of business they involve. If Miss Boyle be certain to come to you, the first best thing would be for she and I to take counsel about the parts—the three little pieces I think we are clear of. Georgina you are certain of,—and Kate, if there be anything for her to do. When we had got so far, I should like to see you for an hour or so, and would run down by the Railroad with the greatest pleasure, and summon the Jew to meet us. If we were in any serious difficulty for a good Actor, I would try to find him, and in case I could get Mr Lemon, there is a piece we do (which has only he and I in it) which is one of the most ludicrous things possible, and which, in that event, we might play. But, as we originally proposed, I don't think (as I have already said) we could very well use such aid.

With best regards

My Dear Mrs Watson

Ever Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

I have been in Spitalfields all day, among the weavers. Their looms are rattling in my mind, and I hope have not woven this letter into an unintelligible pattern.

Devonshire Terrace

Saturday Seventh December 1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson,

This will be quite a diplomatic document, I suppose,—but we shall fill the Post office before we have got the Plays up.

My brother is exceedingly sorry that he can't come. He has

already extended his leave, and the New Year is a busy time in his department of the Treasury.

But, if you find the "Young Man" you were to look after, I don't think this will matter. My Brother's part in "Used Up" was a Tiger. And it strikes me that if Charley's holidays be long enough, I can have him dressed as a first rate Tiger, and can teach him the part. "The young man" will be in "Used Up," in the part originally proposed for him.

Now, in case Mr Stafford O'Brien should decline, I am happy to say (as per inclosed) we can get Mr Lemon after all. Let me tell you how the enclosed comes to be written, before you read it. Before I saw you on Thursday, I had written to him, proposing the visit. He wrote back, telling me exactly what business he should have to do in connexion with Punch (he is the Editor) and also in bringing out a new Play of his at the Haymarket, and begging me to make every acknowledgment to you, in connexion with his excusing himself on these grounds. I replied I was sorry, but there was no help for it—and last night I received the enclosed.

Now, if Stafford O'Brien's refusal should throw us back on Mr Lemon, I feel it right to say to you, with whom I may observe entire confidence, that while he (Mr Lemon) is one of the plainest and most modest of good creatures, he is a man of a particularly sensitive nature, who visits very little, and never, within my knowledge, except where his wife goes. And I don't think it possible that you could ask him to Roekingham without asking her. I believe it would be a mere compliment, and that she would not be at all likely to come (they live out of town, near Uxbridge, and have a family of children who would be all at home then), but I feel the necessity. If he had accepted at once, I should have felt it an act of delicacy in me to have mentioned this to you. On the mere chance of our using him, I feel it equally. I know him so well, and all these gentlemen are so much in the habit of relying on me in anything connected with our theatrical doings, that I seem to have no choice in the case—and I should consider myself in exactly the same position, if I knew you less.

If Mr Stafford O'Brien comes up to the mark—there's an end.

Ever Faithfully Yrs

C. D.

Devonshire Terrace
Eleventh December 1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson,

Don't write, either to Mr Stafford or Mr Stopford!!! Captain Boyle has just been here, and wants to play La Fleur. So its all settled, and there's no change. It is just as it was.

Ever Faithfully Yours

C. D.

Devonshire Terrace
Twenty First December 1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson

Another letter!!! But I am not going to change the day of

coming—it is only the hour. I forgot an engagement with Miss Coutts, to look after a Provident Society of Poor (of hers) down in Westminster, early on Monday Morning. I will come by the 12 o'clock Train on Monday, and return next morning.

Ever Faithfully Yours

C. D.

Will you put me into a small room—such as my old dressing room? When I am a bachelor-traveller, I have a weakness in favour of condensed comfort. Vastness overpowers me.

Devonshire Terrace

Christmas Eve, 1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson

Pondering as I came homeward today, I came to the conclusion that the "Float" ought only to be fifteen feet long. Will you alter the Carpenter's instructions accordingly?

And will you let me know—say, by Monday next—what the gentlemen are to be called in the bill—whether they have Christian names which their godfathers and godmothers gave them in their Baptism wherein they were made—&c.—as Higham Stafford, or Wellington Gardner Rodney Stopford, or Jubilee Vernon?

I saw a brown box, apparently full of clothes, lying unowned at the Euston Square Station today. I wonder whether Captain Quin's wardrobe was in a brown box!—With several brass nails wanting?

My regards to him, if he be yet with you, and to all your house. I hope the Christmas tree took root in the hearts of your rosy and good children.

Ever Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty Seventh December 1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson

I had had Charley measured for his Tiger's suit, yesterday, and his top boots were building. But I have revoked these extensive preparations, and the field is now clear for the Captain (to whom my love, and congratulations not only on his safe return but on his clothes) and also for Mr James's brother. Will you ask Captain Quin what he will do about his Tiger's dress? I presume Nathan is to make it—and precisely the same livery (as to colour and form) that I had ordered for Charley, will be the thing. But will he go to Nathan, or send him his measure from his tailor? One of the two things must be done. (His card enclosed.) Also his boots ought to be beautiful. Their tops of the finest.

I think he ought to play Lord Rivers, too, certainly. When you have settled this, and Mr Vernon, let me know. Also the hour to be decidedly put in the bill. I think your time too late—but you know best.

I have written to Boxall, and told him I will be with him on

Monday. Tomorrow, I am sorry to say, I can't—as it is my day for being, all day, at Household Words office.

Did you tell Tucker to come to me, or am I to tell him?

Ever Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Devonshire Terrace

Tuesday Thirty First December

1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson,

—Just a word. On cross examination of the Stage Carpenter, I have decided that it will not be necessary for Nathan to come down so soon. The Carpenter will come by the first train on Tuesday Morning. Will you send a cart or something, to meet him at the Station? He will want the assistance of your Carpenter; and the first thing they will jointly have to do, will be to select some wood from your stores, for the supports &c. I shall be down, before they come to any serious work. I have seen Mr Tucker, and he thinks it will be necessary for his man to come down on Friday night, instead of Saturday. We purpose coming by the 12 o'clock train on Tuesday.

Ever Faithfully Yours

C. D.

I have had a long letter from Cerjat, this morning.

In the spring, plans were maturing for further productions for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art. In the next letter the "play" referred to in the third paragraph is probably the farce which Dickens was vainly trying to write, and for which "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," by Mark Lemon and Dickens, was finally substituted. The "comedy" mentioned in paragraph four is probably Bulwer-Lytton's "Not So Bad as We Seem." These plays were given at Devonshire House in May, and during the summer at Hanover Square Rooms, described in the letter of July 29th.

Devonshire Terrace

Sunday Ninth March 1851.

My Dear Mrs Watson,

I cannot tell you how delighted I am with the beautiful mark of remembrance which you and Watson have sent me. I shall keep it on my desk from this time forth, and make it my inseparable companion. I wanted nothing to keep you both in my most loving thoughts—nothing to enshrine you in my dearest remembrance—and yet I am so glad to have this token before me, that I cannot prize it sufficiently, or tell you with what feelings I regard it.

You don't know me as I thought you did, though, if you suppose that those quiet chambers of my heart in which I keep my real friends, are ever disturbed—or ever can be—by the noisier and busier part of my life. The longer I live and the longer I work, the better I perceive that the most precious parts of Fame are stored up

in those garner. In the voices of the Many, I hear chiefly the echoes of the voices of the Few, and come home to them, as it were every day of my life.

—I have said enough about myself. Don't appear to know it, but I am rather uneasy about Kate, who has an alarming disposition of blood to the head, attended with giddiness and dimness of sight. I am inclined to believe that it is not at all a new disorder with her. After taking the most sensible advice I could get (including my own) I have resolved to carry her down to Malvern, and put her under rigorous discipline of exercise, air, and cold water. We go on Thursday Morning—to come back for good, I don't know when. But I shall be backwards and forwards once or twice a week: sometimes, oftener. For, not to mention Household Words, this Play sits heavy on my shoulders.

They have told you why I can't come to see Used Up—which I should have liked of all things? Do you think you would be interested in hearing Macready read the comedy, and would have time to spare? It is read at Mr Forster's at 3 on Wednesday. If you would like to hear it, I would call for you and take you. I could certainly so far infringe my own Spartan rules, as to introduce two ladies (you and Mrs Boyle) into that dread Masonic Assembly.

With my love and thanks to Watson, and kind regards to all at Rockingham, I am ever my Dear Mrs Watson

Faithfully Your friend

Charles Dickens

Have you read Mary Boyle's paper in the aforesaid Household Words?

(To be continued)

THE TWO-EYED SQUEERS OF THE B.B.C.

RECENTLY the B.B.C. has been broadcasting *Nicholas Nickleby* as a serial: and to help the listener to visualise the character of "the brutal headmaster of Dotheboys Hall" they presented an illustration of him in "The Radio Times," with the full complement of eyes! Ain't nobody going to be whopped for this 'ere piece of impercence—and crass ignorance?

WHO, WHEN, ETC., IN MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

(Answers to Questions on page 6)

1, Chapter 4; 2, Nip and tweak Miss Pecksniff's nose; 3, Zephaniah Scadder; 4, Chevy Slyme; 5, (a) At his first visit to Pecksniff (Chapter 10), (b) In the Temple (Chapter 52); 6, Mr. Mould; 7, All described as rampant or thoroughbred horses; 8, Chapters 3 and 20; 9, Mrs. Hominy, at New Thermophylae; 10, Mr. Todgers; 11, Mr. and Mrs. Gamp; 12, Swiss; 13, Martin, Mark Tapley, and General Choke (Chapter 21); 14, John Westlock; 15, A parapidge, in case of fire, and lots of roofs and chimley-pots to walk upon; 16, General Fladdock; 17, When he complained to Old Martin of Tom Pinch's perfidy; 18, Augustus Moddle; 19, In the best bedroom at the "Blue Dragon"; 20, Hannibal Chollop; 21, Fiery Face; 22, The word "Upholder" over the shop front; 23, Benjamin; 24, Colonel Diver; 25, Gravy; 26, Eighteen shillings per week; 27, His waistcoat; 28, Mrs. Todgers, of the frosty pupil.

A SECOND JOEY LADLE

BY J. W. T. LEY

I HAD recently an experience which interested me very much indeed. The Monmouthshire Assizes were in progress in Newport, and the judge was Sir Anthony Hawke. One evening I went to a social welfare centre which I will not more clearly define than to say that it is not a milk bar. There I got into conversation with a stranger, who opened with "Are you the authority on Charles Dickens?" I was much surprised, and, as all who know me will readily believe, still more embarrassed. I hedged, but the stranger said "I know there is in Newport an authority on Dickens, and I believe it was you who was pointed out to me in Court yesterday. If so, it's nothing to be ashamed of." Very heartily agreeing with this assertion, I confessed to, at any rate, partial guilt. Then he said "Ah! then it was you who had the temerity to correct the Judge last year?"

I remembered. Mr. Justice Hawke was judge of Assizes in February last year, and he was a guest at a Dickens Birthday luncheon, and I had been introduced to him. The following day I had gone into court, and five minutes after my arrival his lordship had interrupted Counsel with a reference to the *Pickwick* trial scene, and named Mrs. Cluppins as the witness who had been unable to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door. I had written a short article in a local newspaper politely putting the judge right, and this (I had no idea of it at the time) had caused amusement among court officials and others.

Well, a very interesting conversation developed, and I found that my new friend—a court official—possessed a knowledge of Dickens's works not only extensive but truly peculiar. Let me try to explain.

"Who's that fellow—not a nice fellow—who's always washing his hands in invisible soap?" Upon my word! I thought of Uriah Heep at first, but no, it was not he. Ah! Mr. Tulkinghorn! "That's right! Lived in Lincoln's Inn."

"There was a fellow who was always lurking round the corner to borrow half a crown. Who was that?" Chevy Shme. "Of course, and his pal was Tigg, wasn't it? Montague Tigg Tigg Montague Esquire. That's right."

"Who was that old couple who used to sit on either side of the fireplace nagging at each other? He used to chuck his cushion at her." Grandfather Smallweed and his wife. "Yes—nice old boy, he was!"

"There's a lawyer's clerk with a Post Office for a month. He had an Aged Parent who used to fire a cannon at sunset. Who was he?" That was Wemmick. "Of course. He was clerk to—er—Jaggers; that's right."

Thus it went on. My friend's knowledge of the characters was astounding. Uncertain of their names often; rarely knowing what books they appear in; yet he knew their characteristics perfectly; and that evening and the next again he thus roamed over all the books, *Sketches by Boz* included.

Eventually I said something to the effect that he must have been a pretty enthusiastic reader of Dickens; and then came the big surprise. "I'm not sure," he replied, "that I've ever read one of his books, not to go right slap through it—who was the wooden-legged scoundrel who said something like that? Certainly I have not read one for fifty years."

And then he told me. "When I was a kiddie, we—there were six of us—were allowed out only on two nights a week. On the other nights, when we had finished tea, we sat round the table, and my father used to read Dickens to us. He read all the books, and he was a good reader—yes, he was a very good reader. He had known John Forster well—that was his name, wasn't it? The fellow who wrote Dickens's life—and he was a Dickens worshipper. What he read I have never forgotten. I am sixty-seven now: I hope to retire presently, and I hope a dream of many year's will be fulfilled. 'I want to sit by the fire with my pipe and read Dickens all to myself.'"

I thought all this was so interesting as to be worth the telling. It is the most impressive evidence I have ever encountered of the lasting appeal of Dickens if only the first introduction is right. After half a century this man recalls those readings as a ray of real happiness in his life, and "down the long corridors of time" come the characters—figments of an imagination, but real to him: he sees them and he hears them, and as each appears he chuckles with honest enjoyment.

Don't you think Dickens would have been happy to read this story, for does it not, in its essence, contain all that a writer may most worthily hope for?

"TO KNIT TOGETHER——"

THE Dickens Fellowship Headquarters Knitting Group first established two years ago to work on Saturday afternoons at The Dickens House and now carried on by post, has made and distributed just over 500 woollen garments and comforts for the fighting services. In addition, gifts of hot-water bottles, hospital bags, blankets, playing cards, etc., have been gladly received and suitably placed.

Now that coupons are necessary for the private purchase of wool, more knitters are joining the Group, which now works solely for "The Daily Sketch War Relief Fund." Supplies of wool are purchased (without coupons) through this fund and then distributed to volunteer knitters who return the finished garments to Miss Minards at Bedford for recording and despatch to "The Daily Sketch" which forwards them to the various services. Each parcel is most gratefully acknowledged. The latest letter reads:

"Your parcel of comforts reached us safely on the 30th December, and we shall be grateful if you will once again accept our thanks and convey them to all the members of your fellowship who contributed to these gifts. Appeals are now reaching us daily in greater numbers than ever, and your generous support is of the greatest help to us in meeting them."

Our knitters have been working so well this winter that although many pay for the wool they themselves use, we find our funds running low, and we should be glad if those who cannot knit will send a donation for the purchase of wool so that willing fingers can be kept busy making the much needed comforts for those who are risking everything for us and for our country. This opportunity of further service is thus open to all. Let us remember the proportions of Bob Cratchit's comforter, and then see how many fighting men we can similarly equip in the coming year.

Please address all communications to Miss Minards, at 23 St. Andrew's Road, Bedford.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

FINE WRITING

"Fine writing is the attempt to dress up a common-place expression by putting it into high-sounding language. It is used for writing in which the words are too grand for the sense or the context, as in the speech of Micawber.

'Under the impression,' said Mr. Micawber, 'that your peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the Modern Babylon in the direction of the City Road—in short,' said Mr. Micawber, in another burst of confidence, 'that you might lose yourself—I shall be happy to call this evening, and instal you in the knowledge of the nearest way.'"

REPETITION OF IDEA.—"The words and phrases cited as examples of repetition were almost entirely those repeated for tone colour in poetry or poetic prose . . . Dickens uses verbal tags for many of his characters: Barkis 'is willin'! 'Uriah Heep is 'umble,' and Miss Betsey Trotwood is always exclaiming 'Janet! Donkeys!'

"Such verbal repetitions are dangerous, however, unless they are very well employed. Less dangerous are repetitions of idea without identical wording. Peggotty, for instance, is always bursting her buttons, but not always in the same language. By calling attention to the same characteristic many times the author helps to build up the image of the person he wants known."—"The Humanities: Applied Aesthetics," by L. Dudley and A. Faricy. (McGraw-Hill.)

* * * * *

 SETTLEMENT OF AUSTRALIA

"The settlement of Australia grew out of the fact that many people convicted of crime in England were formerly transported to the thirteen colonies. After American independence, the stream of convicts was diverted to Botany Bay, which became a name of terror in England. Loaded in prison ships with their full convict equipment, these early settlers were hauled during long and weary months to the opposite side of the earth. Severe sentences were inflicted for minor crimes which to-day would be passed over with light punishment. Dickens builds the whole story of *Great Expectations* about a convict character who made his fortune in Australia, and in other of his books uses Australia as a dark background and also as the promised land for such men as the famous Micawber for whom nothing 'turned up' in England."—"The Morning of America," by F. J. Klingberg. (Appleton-Century.)

* * * * *

 EXPANSION OF AUSTRALIA

"There were great numbers of prospective Abel Magwitches still in the British Isles, and though they would not be transported as he had been, New South Wales might receive them all the same. Charles Dickens's description [*Great Expectations*, chapter 42] of the life of a vagrant nameless child of the time, put into Abel's mouth, is undoubtedly a faithful one, and worth quoting in this context of colonial

labour needs: 'I've been done everything to, pretty well—except hanged. I've been locked up as much as a silver tea-kettle. I've been carted here and carted there, put out of this town and out of that town, and stuck in the stocks, and whipped and worried and drove . . . I was took up, took up, took up, to that extent that I reg'larly grow'd up took up . . . "This is a terrible hardened one," they says to prison visitors, picking out me. "May be said to live in gaols, this boy." Then they looked at me, and I looked at them, and they measured my head, some on 'em—they had better a measured my stomach—and others on 'em giv' me tracts what I couldn't read, and made me speeches what I couldn't unnerstand. They always went on agen me about the Devil. But what the devil was I to do? I must put something into my stomach, mustn't I?'—"The British Empire in Australia, 1834-1939," by Brian Fitzpatrick. (Melbourne Univ. Press.)



THE DICKENS HOUSE

EVER since the intensive night bombing of London last winter we have been continually asked "Is the Dickens House safe?" And how delighted we were to be able to answer in the affirmative. But by what a small margin did it escape destruction! Night after night during those anxious months devastation descended from the skies all round it.

The adjoining main thoroughfare was sundered by one huge bomb crater after another, hardly a house in the nearby square remained habitable, and the poorer streets just beyond were the scene of frightful suffering and destruction. On the other side of the House, Grays Inn lay more than half in ruins, and great stretches of the traffic artery which passes it, were badly damaged.

The Dickens House miraculously escaped all this havoc. Hitler has so far only been able to shatter some glass, and the answering A.A. guns have but shaken down part of a ceiling. The danger is not past, of course, but whilst still congratulating ourselves upon our good fortune to date, came the Government's plan for War Damage Insurance. This was a blow. The generosity of the annually subscribing "Friends of the Dickens House" had all but offset the income lost by the War but was quite inadequate to supply the forty pounds or so per annum that this costly and largely compulsory insurance scheme entails.

It is therefore most earnestly pleaded that the ranks of "The Friends of the Dickens House" be extended. Some Branches of the Fellowship have constituted themselves Friends, but we should like to hear of others willing to do so. Reader, are you yet a Friend? Any sum, however small, but the bigger the better, promised annually upon any date, would be your sole responsibility. We appeal to members and Dickens lovers throughout the world; will you not share with us the privilege of maintaining upon a sound basis this unique monument to Charles Dickens that we have so laboriously created and the War has thus far so amazingly spared? As a Friend recently wrote to us: shall we let it be said, when Victory comes at last, that Hitler spared the Dickens House, but we let it go? If you are not already a Friend will you not send your first subscription to-day?

L. C. S.

